THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1879. NUMBER 27.

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The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't get it.

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NEW GOODS!

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REVOLUTION IN ALTOONA.

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

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Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

WE SNATCHED THESE
GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW
that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!
THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!
A TERRIBLE PAINC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Suit for $4.00 that others sell at $6.00.
A Man's Suit for $5.00 that others sell at $8.00.
A Man's Suit for $7.00 that others sell at $10.00.
A Man's Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $12.00.
A Man's Suit for $10.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's Blue Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's pair of Working Pant's for 50c.
A Man's pair of extra good Working Pants for 75c.
A Man's White Vest for 50c.
A Man's pair of Overalls for 20c.
A Man's good Calico Shirt for 40c.
A Man's good White Dress Shirt for 50c.
A Man's Hat for 38c.
A pair of Men's Suspenders for 7c.
Men's Socks, 6 pairs for 25c.
A Boy's Hat for 25c.
A Boy's Coat, Pants and Vest for $2.25.

And a thousand and one other things we have neither time nor space to enumerate; but just come and see the rush at the

RENOWNED AND POPULAR
Young America
CLOTHING EMPORIUM!
Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,
April 25, 1879.-6m. ALTOONA, PA.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS!

PIANOS and ORGANS!

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST HOUSE IN PENN'A.

Having recently accepted the General Agency for Central Pennsylvania (in addition to our old territory), with headquarters and

LARGE STORE ROOM AT 1404 ELEVENTH AVE., ALTOONA,
IN CHARGE OF MR. GEORGE W. GOOD,
And being desirous of extending our already immense sales of the most celebrated and most desirable

PIANOS AND ORGANS
Ever introduced to a music-loving public, we respectfully invite all who are desirous of purchasing a

First-Class Instrument
OF EITHER KIND TO GIVE US A CALL.

WE SELL NO PIANO OR ORGAN
THAT WE CANNOT FULLY WARRANT, AND BEING THE
Largest Dealers in the State
OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

Our House was established in 1831 in Pittsburgh, where we still continue at No. 79 Fifth Avenue.

Instruments Sold on Small Monthly Payments.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS.

PIANOS { Haines Brothers. WEBER. NEWTON & CO. } ORGANS { PALACE. STERLING. Mason & Hamlin.

GEO. W. GOOD,
1404 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
MELLOR & HENRICKS,
79 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
[1-6.] [3m.]

Assignee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL and PERSONAL PROPERTY.

BY virtue of an *alias* order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, the undersigned Assignee of Augustine D. Cristo will expose to public sale, on the premises in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., discharged of all liens, the following described real estate, to wit:

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

Situated in the Township of Munster, fronting on the turnpike leading from Cresson to Ebensburg, and adjoining lands of Daniel Farren, Nicholas Freidhoff, Augustine Durbin, and others, containing **60 Acres**, more or less, about *50 Acres* cleared. The improvements are a large new FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, containing sixteen rooms, a new Bank Barn, 80x60 feet, and all necessary outbuildings. The land is in a good state of cultivation and well fenced, and is within 200 yards of a railroad station. Also,

EIGHT LOTS OF GROUND

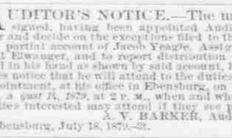
Situated in the village of Munster, each Lot having a front of 66 feet and a depth of 180 feet.

Also, will be offered for sale at the same time and place, a fine lot of **New Furniture,** consisting in part of 1 set Cottage Furniture, 6 hair-cushioned Chairs, 6 Dining Room Chairs, 1 Reception Chair, 1 Settee, 1 Extension Table, 1 Marble-top Bureau, 1 Dressing Bureau, 4 Bedsteads and Bedding, 24 yards Carpet, 16 yards Stair Carpet, Stair Rods, Washstands, Queensware, &c., &c.

TERMS OF REAL ESTATE SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

[7-18.-3t.] JOSEPH CRISTE, Assignee.

GREAT REDUCTION!



$147.60 A Year.

[INSTITUTE AND GROUNDS.]

CHAMBERLAIN INSTITUTE AND FEMALE COLLEGE,
RANDOLPH, N.Y.

It is a large and thoroughly equipped Seminary for both sexes. Established in 1850. Property free from debt, $105,000.00. New Boarding Hall, with steam-heat, etc., erected in 1873 at a cost of $45,000. Excellent board and home-like management throughout. Total expense for board, furnished room, steam-heat, light, washing, and tuition for 14 weeks, $20.25. 10th term opens Sept. 4, 1879. For catalogue or further information, address

Prof. J. T. EDWARDS, D. D., PRINCIPAL.

☞Fall Term opens August 26. Winter Term opens December 9. Spring Term opens March 25. July 18, 1879.-8t.

EBENSB'G WOOLEN FACTORY.

COUNTRY WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE undersigned having recently purchased the property known as the EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY from the Assignee of A. Y. & Geo. W. Jones, desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that they propose putting said Factory in operation forthwith for the purpose of doing all kinds of **COUNTRY WORK in Carding, Spinning, Weaving, &c.** Will also manufacture **Blankets, Flannels, Cassimers** and **Yarn.**

Having secured the services of an EXPERIENCED and PRACTICAL man to manage the business, we can guarantee entire satisfaction to all who favor us with their custom.

P. H. BARKER,
ALVIN EVANS.
Ebensburg, May 2, 1879.-tf. ED. JAMES.

St. Aloysius' Academy,
Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa.
Under the Care of the Sisters of Mercy.

THE healthy climate, beautiful scenery and long established reputation of this Young Ladies' Academy, independently of the recent reduction in charges made to suit the times, render this Institution most desirable to parents and guardians.

☞Terms per session of 5 months, only $75.00. Music, drawing, painting and the languages form extra charges.

For particulars address
DIRECTRESS OF THE ACADEMY.
Loretto, July 18, 1879.-2m.*

THE COMMON SENSE
Fruit Jar!

Manufactured by **C. A. BARNES & CO.,** of Lockport, N. Y., is decidedly superior to any jar ever before offered to the public. No moulds; fruit nor loss of flavor; simple, yet scientific, in its construction; the most complete fruit preserver in market, no metal coming in contact with the fruit—in fact, a common sense jar. It should have a trial in every family. [7-18.-4t.]

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to hear and decide on the exceptions filed to the first and partial account of Jacob Yeagle, Assignee of Paul Ebensperger, and to report distribution of the fund in his hand as shown by said account, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, the 28th day of August next*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, July 18, 1879.-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JOSEPH HENRY, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Joseph Henry, late of Susquehanna township, Cambria county, granted by the Register of Cambria county to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make prompt payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ALICE HENRY,
GERALD ANGERT, } Executors.
June 20, 1879.-6t.*

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the undersigned for services rendered by the celebrated Anglo-Saxo-Canadian-Cobham horse, "Honest Bill," are hereby notified that payment must be made, on or before the 20th day of August next, either to the subscriber himself or to Robert Yinger, at the Cross Roads, one mile below Carrolltown, or Adam Leiden, at Chest Springs, Cambria county.

J. M. HERINGER,
Owner and Keeper.
Ligonier, Pa., July 5, 1879.-18-3t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of D. A. Clark, Assignee of Silas Adams, will sit for the purpose of his appointment, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Saturday, the 26th day of August next*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, July 18, 1879.-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARGARET ATKINSON, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret Atkinson, late of Loretto borough, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same should present them duly authenticated for settlement.

FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Executor.
Loretto, July 18, 1879.-6t.

S. H. DECKER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LILLY'S, CAMBRIA CO., PA.,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Washington and adjoining townships. Office and residence on railroad street, opposite Passenger station, where night and day calls will receive prompt attention, regardless of distance or weather. Diseases of women and children a specialty.
Lilly's, March 14, 1879.-1y.

PLANING MILL.—Having attached to our LUMBER MILLS near Ashland Furnace a complete **Planing Mill,** we are prepared to work FLOORING, SIDING and CEILING of every description, and also do turning of all kinds, such as BROOM, FORK and HOE HANDLES, &c. FLOORING and SIDING always on hand at the Mill and for sale at the lowest cash prices.

D. & C. MOORE,
April 18, 1879.-3m.* P. O. address: ALTOONA, PA.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the CRESSON SPRINGS COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, No. 233 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa., on *Monday, Dec. 3, 1879*, at 12 o'clock, noon. Election for President and Directors same day and place.

JAMES R. M'CLURE, Secretary.
July 18, 1879.-3t.

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has **10 Acres of Meadow Land** near Wilmore which he wishes to dispose of at private sale. Said land is in good condition and will be sold very cheap. For further information call on or address F. L. BRIDGES or the owner.

[6-20.-3m.*] Braddock, Allegheny Co., Pa.

PAMPHLET for advertisers. 100 pages. **10c.** G. P. Rowell & Co., N. Y.

A TRUE STORY OF RUINED HOPES.

A ROMANCE THAT READS LIKE A DREAM—A MAN UNCONSCIOUSLY WEDS HIS SISTER—HIS RECENT DEATH IN MARYLAND.

Not long ago a quiet, unobtrusive farmer, who for the purposes of this present sketch will be called Michael Lawton, died in Garrett county, Maryland. Garrett county is the westernmost county of the State and is a wild, mountainous region, in which there are a number of exceedingly fertile valleys, called "glades," which are famous for the natural grass which grows on them and makes them superb pasture fields for cattle. The glades when broken up by the plough make exceedingly fertile farms and they are rapidly being cultivated by people who do not wish to settle in the far West. Well, as has already been said, one of the residents of this county passed away and was laid at rest under a huge oak tree, on a little knoll on his farm. He had selected his own burial ground, and, in compliance with his wishes, the small white marble slab at his head merely bears his initials, and the two dates—those of his birth and death. His neighbors knew but little of the manner of his life or his position in society before he came among them. He bought a small farm and came to live on it one fall some ten or twelve years ago, and on it he died.

He seemed to have enough ready money to satisfy his needs and to pay for his land, and occasionally, in conversation, he would say something which showed that he had been unusually well educated and had travelled extensively, both in this country and in foreign lands. He never spoke of friends or relatives and after some abortive attempts to discover his past history, the neighbors gave it up in disgust and accepted him for what he was. When he died, a distant relative come into possession of the little farm and the few household articles he left behind and then all traces of the career and almost all recollection of the existence of Michael Lawton passed away. The writer knew the man well, and once, when on a fishing expedition with him, he related the pathetic and remarkable story of his life, part of which was published some years ago and attracted a great deal of attention at the time. The outline of the story is vouched for, but the names of places and persons are changed for evident reasons.

Years ago a family, consisting of father, mother and two children, lived in a small town in Western Ohio. The head of the family, Mr. Lawton, was a lawyer and speculator, and had been a merchant. He had grown rich, very rich for those days, and was noted for his keen business sagacity and his honesty and kindly heart. His wife had been a delicate, pretty girl when he married her, and after her second child was born her health broke down and she became a confirmed invalid. The couple had two children—a boy named Michael, who was at the time referred to about eight years old, and Mabel, who was the "baby" and was about five years old.

Mabel was a pretty child and her parents petted her and dressed her in a style that made her the envy of all the mothers in the neighborhood.

One day Mabel went into her mother's room and told her that she wanted to go and play with some other little girls who lived on the next street. Mrs. Lawton gave her consent, but told her to be sure to come home to dinner. Mabel promised, kissed her mother gaily and ran out of the room—and out of the world, as far as the poor mother was concerned, for she never saw her again. Mabel did not come home to dinner, and at supper time Michael was sent after her. He soon returned, with a pale, frightened face, and told his father that his sister had started for home at noon, and no one knew where she was. Search was made for her in every direction, but without avail. No trace of the lost one could be discovered. A month afterwards the mother died heartbroken, and the father sold all his property and became a homeless wanderer, with but one object in life—the finding of his lost one. Taking his son with him he travelled from State to State, visiting public institutions where children were cared for, and going through cities making inquiries which he thought might lead to the desired result. From the United States the search was extended to Europe, and finally in a Spanish city Mr. Lawton caught a local fever and died in a few days, leaving his son, then a boy of nineteen, all of his fortune. Mr. Lawton told his boy that he had no near relative except a brother, who had gone to California in the first flush of the gold fever and had never been heard of afterward.

Michael Lawton came back to this country, entered a college in the East and graduated with honors. He studied law in the office of a famous New York lawyer, and after being admitted to the bar he went west and made his home in a newly settled State, where he soon built up a good practice. One winter Lawton went to New York to visit a college chum Marchmont, who had married and gone into business. Marchmont had several young sisters and one afternoon Lawton was introduced to Miss Mabel Letcher, a young lady who was their music teacher. She was exceedingly pretty and a lady in manner and mind, and Lawton fell violently in love with her and before he left the city he asked her to marry him and she accepted him. They were married the following spring and went to Lawton's western home, where they lived happily for six years, during which time two children were born to them. Miss Letcher told Lawton after their engagement that she was an orphan, that her parents had died when she was a child and she could not remember them at all. She had been named by a kind-hearted lady in Eastern Ohio. She had taught school and made sufficient money to enter a school in the East, where she studied music, and after she graduated she got a class of girls for pupils, and while thus engaged she met Lawton.

Lawton was sitting in his office one day, when an odd-looking elderly man came in and asked for "Mr. Lawton." An introduction took place, and after the usual preliminaries the stranger said he was a lawyer from San Francisco. He then asked Lawton if he would tell him his father's name and where he had been born. Although surprised at the questions, Lawton complied, and the stranger then explained his errand. "You have heard your father speak, I suppose, of a brother who went to California a good many years ago, and who did not write home of his doings. Well, I am his representative, and I was his friend up to the hour he died. Years ago he went to ——(mentioning the town where Lawton was born) and there he heard of the manner in which your little sister disappeared and of your father's departure. He tried to find him for awhile, but did not succeed, and then he went home again. He made up his mind to find your sister, if it was possible. He employed several skillful detectives and spent a great deal of money in the search. A year ago he died, and in his will he directed that you should be his heir unless your sister was discovered. In that event she was to have half of his property. I saw your name in a paper some weeks ago, and on making inquiries I became convinced that you were the nephew of the man who was my friend and who entrusted me with the care of his affairs. And now"—here the speaker paused an instant—"now I have something still more strange to tell you. We have found a trace of your sister. She was stolen by a party of vagrants, for the clothes and trinkets she wore, and was taken to Eastern Ohio. She was taken very ill, and was left with a good-hearted lady who adopted her as her daughter. After her recovery she could not remember her name or where she lived. When this lady died Mabel taught school for several years and then she went East to study music. After she left school I think she went to New York, but I cannot say. We have no trace of her for six years. She was named after the lady who adopted her and was known as Mabel Letcher.

"Known as what?" screamed Lawton.

"Mabel Letcher."

"Great God, now she has been my wife for six years."

It was so indeed. Further examination showed beyond question that Mabel Lawton and Mrs. Michael Lawton were one and the same person.

The agony of the two people can be imagined. In their eyes they had sinned beyond hope of redemption. They separated. Mrs. Lawton is still living in a town in Massachusetts, where she has been for many years. The children are at school and Michael Lawton is in his grave. He gave up all his business, grew frightfully dissipated, and after spending nearly all the money he had reserved for himself, he wandered to the lovely little Maryland farm, where he strove to bury his past and where he lived a life of toil. The clover blossoms are as fragrant about his grave and the wild flowers bloom as sweetly there as though he who sleeps in that quiet nook was at last at rest.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

A RIDE ON A SAFETY-VALVE.

"Jimmy Carr came to America in 1835," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "and took up his abode in this city soon afterward. Liking the country, he came here to work at his business of machinist and engineer, and was always a good citizen and a faithful employe. He was rather old to begin the profession of arms when the war began, but he did the next best thing, he went into the navy, enlisting as assistant engineer on the steamer Queen of the West, a freight boat which had been bought by the Government and altered into a 'ram' here in Cincinnati. The vessel, which was under command of Captain Elliott, was ordered South, and it was at the battle of Memphis that Jimmy Carr met with this particular adventure, which made him a hero in as peculiar a manner as ever hero gained the title. We give the tale as he tells it:

"'It was on the 6th of June,' said Jimmy, 'that Memphis was taken. I remember it well, for it was a hot day, and I was in a hot place, too, I can tell you. The fleet was laying five miles above Memphis, and the Queen was a volunteer that morning. Early in the day we got orders to move down toward the rebel batteries, but had no sooner got within range than the 'Johnnies' opened fire on us. Our captain called on Curtis, the first engineer, to let loose and he did, and we were soon steaming down the river.

"'We weren't long under way until we had one hundred and fifty pounds of steam on, and still rising. Curtis detailed me to look after the boilers—we had four which were on deck—and I went off to my post. The first thing I noticed was the safety-valve wasn't weighed heavy enough for the extra pressure and the steam escaped. I couldn't see anything lying around to weigh it down with but a large lump of coal. I lifted that on to the lever, but it was no use, as it was tumbled off in a minute or two. By this time we must have had fully two hundred pounds of steam on, and on looking out I saw the rebel gunboat, the General Lovell, steaming up and firing at us. We had no guns aboard and only eleven sharpshooters, and the shot was flying around us pretty lively. I knew it was the Captain's intention to try and sink the Lovell, and I saw that it would never do to allow the steamboat to escape as it was doing. I had to think quick—there was nothing near that I could weigh down the valve with, but I was bound not to be beat and I got astride the lever myself and sat down on it. It was pretty hot, but I stuck it out. I looked out and the Lovell was only a couple of hundred yards off. She stopped to round to, but the Queen was too quick for her, and with a rush, we were into her, just astern of the wheel, and almost went clean thro' her. I was so excited that I never took my eyes off her when we were coming up, and just bore my weight down on the lever, never thinking to hold on to anything. When we struck, the shock was so terrible it just knocked me head and heels over the boilers. Curtis was watching me, and thought I was killed, and hallooed out: 'There goes poor Jimmy;' but I wasn't gone. I was stunned for a minute, but jumped up and climbed over the boilers and straddled the lever again, this time taking a good hold.

"'The Lovell sank in about five minutes, but we had hardly time to get clear of her before another rebel craft, the Beauregard, steamed up toward us. We treated her the same way as we treated the Lovell, but this time I kept my seat and clung on for dear life, and the knock didn't knock me off. Soon after the Queen, having nothing more to do, drew out from the fight and I got down from my perch. I felt a little sore, and had a few burns—for it was a hot place I was in—but that was all the worse I was for the adventure.'"

NO GOLD-HEADED CANES IN HEAVEN.—The Boston *Transcript* says:

At a Southern camp-meeting, held years ago, were two ministers who were mutually antagonistic. One of them, Brother Davis, had a wooden leg, and, when he was especially wrought up, would emphasize every word by thumping it on the platform. During one of the sessions of the camp-meeting when the public tent was crowded and Brother Davis was exhorting with all the energy in his power, Brother Jones appeared with a gold-headed cane. Pointing his long, bony finger at him, Brother Davis exclaimed, "Brother Jones, there will be no gold-headed canes in heaven!" "No," said Brother Jones, angered by the sudden attack, "and no wooden-legged preachers there, either."

A Chester County Romance of the Sea.

[From Forney's "Progress."]

Going to sea has become a holiday. Science has made a long voyage comparatively pleasant by teaching men to build iron ships, and to drive them through the tempest by means of incessant fires and resistless steam. Hundreds and thousands trust themselves to waves and storms without the slightest fear. An ocean trip to London or Australia is as boldly undertaken as a land trip to New York or San Francisco; and the intercourse between nations has become at once so cheap, quick and easy that even death seems robbed of half its horrors, because it generally comes like a flash, and is soon over in the midst of the meteor speed of travel. How different from the days of sailing vessels, before science had virtually bridged the seas with its fleets of steamers! It was not so much the loss of life as the long, lingering passage, the feverish calms, the poor fare, the horrors of the emigrant vessels, the frequent epidemics, and the devastated condition of the strangers when they arrived at their destination.

I was thinking of this contrast between the days of wind and the days of steam when I thought of the terrible disaster and wreck of the packet ship Albion, on her voyage from New York to Liverpool on the 22d of April, 1822, near the Old Head of Kinsale, Ireland. The captain and all the crew but eight men were lost. Of the twenty-five cabin passengers, William Everhart, of West Chester, in this State, was alone saved. I had the honor of Mr. Everhart's friendship during his long and honorable life. His rescue from the Albion, before she sunk, was preceded and followed by such curious coincidences that I have thought them worth reviving in the *Progress*. His son, Hon. J. B. Everhart, now a Republican member of the present State Senate, described this great catastrophe in a poem, which his father pronounced a faithful picture.

Chester county has always been known for the general intelligence of its population, and the special culture of many of its representative men. It has often reminded me of a New England colony. Many of its prominent citizens have become eminent in letters; and its representatives in Congress and in the State Legislature have generally been above the common run of politicians.

The Albion left New York under good auspices, and was making fair headway, when, a few days before the 22d of April, 1822, a furious storm broke out, rending the sails, breaking the masts, and so disabling the helm as to leave the vessel a floating wreck. Mr. Everhart wrote an account of the shipwreck on his return home, from which I take the following extract. This graphic statement gives us a fair idea of Mr. Everhart's own abilities, and of the awful peril from which he was delivered:

"The sea beating for ages against this perpendicular precipice has worn large caverns into its base, into which the waves rush violently, with a sound re-echoing like distant thunder, then running out in various directions form whirlpools of great force; for a perch or two from the precipice rocks rise out of the water, broad at bottom and sharp at top; on one of these, just at the grey dawn the Albion first struck—the next wave threw her on the rock—the third further still, until, nearly balanced, she swung around and her stern was driven against another, nearer the shore; in this situation every wave making a breach over her, many were drowned on deck. It is possible to conceive the horrors of our situation. The deadly and relentless blast, impelling us to destruction; the ship a wreck, the raging of the billows against the precipice on which we were driven, sending back from the cavern and tiny rocks his hoarse and melancholy wings of death; dark, cold and wet; in such a situation the stoutest heart must have quailed in dispair. When there is a ray of hope, there may be a corresponding buoyancy of spirits. When there is anything to be done, the active man may drown the sense of danger while actively exerting himself; but here there was nothing to do but to die. Every moment might be considered the last. Terror and despair seized upon the most of us with the iron grasp of death, augmented by the wild shrieks of the females, expressive of their terror.

"Perceiving now that the stern was higher out of water, and the sea had less power in its sweep over it, I went aft and perceived that the bottom had been broken out of the ship; the heavy articles must have sunk and the cotton and lighter articles were floating around, dashed by every wave against the rocks. Presently the ship broke in two and all those who remained near the bow were lost. Several from the stern of the ship had got on the side of the precipice and were hanging by the crags as they could. Although weakened by previous sickness and present suffering, I made an effort, and got upon the rock, and stood on one foot, the only hold I could obtain. I saw several around me, and among the others Colonel Powell, who observed on seeing me take my station, 'Here is another poor fellow;' but the water rolled heavily against us, and, after dashing its spray fifty feet over our heads, gradually swept those who had taken refuge, one by one away; and one poor fellow losing his hold, as he fell, caught hold of me, and nearly threw me from my place. Weak and sick as I was, I stood several hours on one foot, on a little crag, the billows dashing over me, benumbed with cold.

"As soon as it was light, and the tide ebbed, so as to render it possible, the people descended the rocks as far as they could and dropped a rope, which I fastened round my body and was drawn out to a place of safety.

"After witnessing the loss of all my fellow passengers, twenty-two in number, I was thus rescued, together with eight of the ship's crew. It would be needless for me to bestow any encomiums upon the well known hospitality of the Irish. They could not have treated me more tenderly if I had been a brother. Of the passengers and crew consisting of fifty-four, forty-six were drowned, only eight were saved; and of the cabin passengers I was the only one that escaped. Such a terrible wreck, and of lives saved, on my part, such a miraculous preservation, excited the public sensibility throughout Europe and America. When I landed at Liverpool it was difficult for me to get along the streets, the people crowded round in such numbers to see the only passenger saved from the wreck of the Albion."

I have often heard the story of this shipwreck in my native county, which is the next neighbor of Chester, and the particulars of Mr. Everhart's welcome to his home on his return. The philosophy of dreams had a startling illustration in his experience, and to this day the vision of Mr. Everhart is a fireside tale in the great Chester Valley. Before he sailed he dreamed that the ship that took him forth would be wrecked, and he only saved. I have the fact from his own son, Mr. Senator Everhart. And when finally he was plucked from a watery grave, he realized another and far more practical philosophy, that misfortune often rouses the best instincts of our nature. He speaks of the tenderness of the Irish and the English, yet he does not tell that he had nine thousand dollars in gold in his possession, and never recovered it, but about that amount of money was found on the rocks, and offered to him if he would make an affidavit that he believed it to be his. This he declared he could not do conscientiously, and his manly integrity gave him great credit among the people of all parties. In after years when his son, the present Senator, visited Ireland, he naturally called on the people who had been kind to his father, among them Mr. James Redmond Barry, one of the Commissioners of the Irish Fisheries, who spoke of this unselfish and manly act with great warmth. But like all such conduct, it met its reward. Mr. Everhart's object in going to England was to purchase merchandise.—And, although the shipwreck stripped him of all his property, even to his clothing, he received everything he needed, including heavier credits than he asked; and he kept up a regular correspondence with his English merchant friends, and imported merchandise for them till the day of his death.

I have alluded to his dream; now let me tell of another coincidence to prove that the humanity of the people among whom he was thrown was not forgotten by the grateful American merchant. In 1856 a fatal famine desolated poor Ireland. Pennsylvania was one of the most active in her superb assistance to the sufferers, and Chester county sent a ship-load of provisions to the neighborhood of the shipwreck twenty-two years before; and Chester county authorities stated that it was sent in remembrance of the kindness of the people in the vicinity of the Old Head of Kinsale to the Hon. William Everhart, of West Chester. To him, however, more than any other, was due this act of Christian charity and munificent reciprocity, and, when Mr. Redmond Barry, of Glandon House, who had witnessed the wreck of the Albion and Everhart's Roman virtue in refusing what he was not sure was the $9,000 he lost, sent word back that the provisions sent by Chester county *had saved a thousand Irish lives*, the mutual account was squared, and the double deed of benevolence and gratitude duly filed in the Supreme Court of Almighty God.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.—Odd folks here and there are described in the newspapers. Roxbury, Mass., has an eccentric tramp who lives in a cave during the winter, and spends the summer in making begging excursions to neighboring towns. He never says a word, but his dress consists entirely of old bootlegs fastened together with leather strings. A small wagon, drawn by two goats, containing a helpless, shrivelled man attracted attention in Hagerstown, Md. He said he had travelled in that manner for many years, and called himself "the American Tourist." He is entirely helpless. His wife and four children accompany him and attend to his wants, getting their living by the sale of a temperance song and other small articles. Jefferson Stevens, who lives near Sulphur Springs, Ky., concludes that he is gifted with peculiar powers, of which he lately gave a street exhibition. He held a forked dogwood switch, like those used by wizards, in his mouth, and told the crowd to ask any question they pleased. A pair of tramps turned up at Des Moines, Iowa—Peter Carlisle and wife—who were on their way to Leadville from the Pennsylvania coal regions. They had pushed a handcart all the way, containing their baby girl and a few household utensils. Carson Carr, of Moodie, Cal., will, on no account, walk a step, but always runs, no matter if the distance is only a few feet; while Mrs. Main, of Chicago, will neither walk nor run, although physically able to do either, because she thinks her legs will drop off if she stirs them. The story comes from Pittsfield, Mass., of the discovery of a cannibal, who for years had lived near that city. He says that early in life he ran away from home and went to sea. He was early shipwrecked on one of the South Sea Islands, where cannibalism was practiced and idolatry was the worship of the natives. How long he remained there he does not know, but he learned to enter into their savage rites with a good deal of zest, and he pretends to have acquired a taste for cannibalism.

THIS COACHMAN BUSINESS.—Grandfather Lickshingle threw down the paper yesterday in disgust, and exclaimed:

"It makes me sick, by gracious; it makes me sick!"

"What makes you sick, grandfather?" asked James.

"Why, here's another coachman runs away with his employer's daughter."

"It certainly is too bad," said James.

"And they get married the minute they are out of sight of her father's house."

"The poor, silly thing."

"Well, I should say 'the poor silly thing!' I should say the sap-head, the shallow-plate, the crazy, crack-brained imbecile," continued grandfather, in a towering rage.

"The poor creatures are just from boarding school," said James, "with their heads full of romantic—"

"Who's just from boarding school?" yelled grandfather.

"The poor, silly girls are."

"Who's talking about girls?" yelled grandfather.

"The poor, silly girls are."

"Who's talking about girls?" yelled the old man, a little more savagely than before. "It's the coachman I'm a-hittin' at. If I had a son, and he was a good coachman, and he would disgrace himself by running away with his employer's giddy daughter, I'd spend my pension money in riotous living, and I wouldn't leave him one red cent to rub against another. Now, you hear your old grandfather quote Shakspeare!"

A SOAP MINE.—A natural soap mine has been struck in Elko county, Nev. It is a remarkable stratum, that rests horizontally in a steep bluff of volcanic matter which flanks the eastern side of Smith's Creek Valley. The stratum of steatite is from three to ten feet in diameter. It is easily worked, and the farmers, cattle men and sheep herders in that region all use the natural article for washing purposes. Chemically considered, this peculiar clay is a hydrated silicate of alumnia, magnesia, potash and lime. When the steatite is first dug from the stratum it looks like immense masses of mottled Castile soap, the melting element being a small percentage of iron oxide. A few days ago Professor Stewart, of Virginia City, received a sample of the soap, prepared by a firm in Elko, who have undertaken to introduce it into the market. It is similar in appearance to the Castile soap sold in large bars. Nothing is added to the mineral but a trifle more alkali and some scenting extracts. Its detersive qualities are as powerful as those of any manufactured soap.

"It's cool to-day," said a mother to her little son. "Yes, it's school five days out of the week," replied the embryo paragraphist.

The Value of Criminal Confession

The Johnstown *Tribune* says that Sargent, the aged father-in-law of Charles Douglass, who has been making his home in that place for several months past, was formerly a prominent lawyer in Vermont, and as early as 1 was one of the foremost members of bar in his native county. In that s he was attorney for the defendant celebrated "murder" case. The tria Chastine Cox for a murder to which had confessed doubtless seemed unnecessary to many people, but how little absolute dependence is to be placed confession is fully demonstrated in history of the case alluded to. It is lieved by many to be the most noworthy instance of false admission guilt on the part of accused perso which has ever been known in country, and perhaps in the world. The case was that of Stephen and Jes Boorn, who were tried at the Septemb term of the Supreme Court of Vermon in 1819, for the murder of Russell Co vin. It is mentioned in "Greenleaf Evidence." The lesson of it is pointe out in the tenth volume of the *Nort American Review*, and Wilkie Collin has made the case the main incident i one of his stories.

Russell Colvin was the brother-in-law of the brothers Boorn, and was a man rather weak mind; he was dependen on the brothers, who considered him in the way and were accustomed to ill treat him. One day he disappeare and on that day the Boorns had be seen engaged in a violent quarrel wit him in the field where the three were at work together. One of the brother was observed to strike him a violent blow on the head with a club, from the effects of which he fell to the ground.—As thereafter nothing was seen of him it was suspected by the neighbors that he had been murdered by the Boorns, and this suspicion was strengthened by the finding of his hat in the same field some months afterward. Time passed and the affair seemed to have blown over, when, after some months, a neighbor repeatedly dreamed of the murder with great circumstantiality both in regard to the manner of Colvin's death and the way in which his body had been disposed of, so that the Boorns were again vehemently accused of the crime. A search stricter than the first was then engaged in, and resulted in the finding of Colvin's pocket-knife and a button from his clothes concealed in an old open cellar in the field where the quarrel had taken place. In a hollow stump, not many rods distant, two nails were discovered, together with a number of bones, which were supposed to be those of a man. The brothers were thereupon brought to trial, and each made confession of

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - - AUG. 1, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
DANIEL O. BARR, of Allegheny County.

IRELAND's first potato bug appeared near Killayalew, County Cork, on Tuesday last.

THE yellow fever continues its ravages in Memphis, but the number of cases is far below that of last year during a corresponding period, owing doubtless to the fact that about one-fourth of the population has deserted the place. A census of the city taken a few days ago showed that there remained 4,283 whites and 11,827 blacks, making a total of 16,110. The census of 1870 gave a population of 60,000. New Orleans was terribly excited on Monday owing to one death having occurred there from the fever, but no new cases have since been reported.

GEN. EWING, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, opened the campaign on yesterday week by addressing an immense mass meeting at Lancaster, Fairfield county, where he resides. Gen. Ewing expresses great confidence in his own election, while Foster, the Republican nominee, is not willing to compromise upon less than twenty thousand majority. This is a very pleasant and happy delusion for one or other of the candidates to cherish until the ballot-boxes declare who is victor and who is vanquished. The election will take place on the second Tuesday of October, and from now until then there will be no pause in the great battle for political mastery in that State.

SOME idea of the enormous amount of grain and provisions that are now being exported from this country to Europe, may be formed from the simple statement that during the week ending July 22d, the shipments from New York of wheat and corn amounted to 1,455,000 bushels; of bacon 6,920,733 pounds, and of cheese 7,478,863 pounds. It is estimated in England that the shortness of the wheat crop in that country, as well as in France, will compel the purchase of wheat in the United States, to supply their wants, to the extent of *three hundred millions of dollars*. This immense foreign demand for grain will of course greatly benefit American farmers, and on the other hand increase the price of living in England and France.

HON. JOHN WELSH, United States Minister to England, has sent his resignation to the State Department at Washington, and in a few weeks will return to his home in Philadelphia. This opens up another chance for Hartranft to represent this country at a European court. Welsh lives when at home in Philadelphia, and so does Hartranft; Pennsylvania, it will be argued, is entitled to the vacant mission and if Hartranft can get Hoyt and half a dozen others to go over to Washington and push his claims to the place, as they did when he wanted to succeed Bayard Taylor at Berlin, and that too before Taylor's funeral had taken place, they may get Mr. Hayes to appoint him even if he is utterly unfit for the position. Hartranft will compromise his well-earned reputation as a chronic office-seeker if he fails to make the most out of the present opportunity.

COL. TOM BUFORD, who last spring murdered Judge Elliott, of the Supreme Court of Kentucky, at the foot of the steps of a Louisville hotel, was convicted last week of murder in the first degree and the punishment, which by a law of that State is under the control of the jury, was fixed by it at imprisonment for life in the penitentiary. This was not the entertainment to which the Republican press of the North expected to be invited, for ever since the murder it has predicted that because Buford belonged to a well-known Kentucky family he would escape any severe penalty. When Cox a short time after shot and killed Col. Alston in the State House at Atlanta, the same Republican press scouted at the idea that he would be punished, simply because, like the Kentucky tragedy, the crime took place in what was once a slave State. But Cox met with the same fate that Buford has, so that deliberate murder cannot, as Republicans are constantly asserting, be committed with impunity in the lately rebellious South any more than it can in the loyal North.

A GREAT many absurd and amusing things often find their way into the platforms adopted by State Conventions, and one of the most notable instances of the kind may be seen in the last plank of the platform of the Republican State Convention which met at Harrisburg last week. In the resolution, or plank, referred to, the Republicans of this State are made to say that "We heartily endorse the administration of Governor Hoyt and the stalwart attitude of Senator Cameron and the Republican members of the House of Representatives, in resisting the revolutionary riders so persistently pressed by the Democrats in Congress." This is giving to Cameron the same credit that the Republicans of New York in a State Convention would accord to Conkling, or that the Republicans in Maine would extend to Blaine. And yet the most "stalwart attitude" that Cameron was ever known to take in the Senate was when on some great and important occasion, such for instance as the caucs at Baltimore, he showed his ability and power by making a motion "that the Senate does now adjourn." Beyond this herculean task on several occasions he has never been known to venture. There is not a single member of the Senate from any State in the Union, with the exception of Don Cameron, who cannot and who has not at some time addressed it with some ability and at some length. Even Bruce, the colored Senator from Mississippi, is a perfect Demosthenes when compared to the dumb-as-an-oyster member from Pennsylvania, although the one was originally a Virginia slave and the other received a classical education at Princeton College.

CHARLES S. WOLFE, of Union county, no doubt entertains very correct notions about the kind of men who ought to be elected to office, but the lesson taught him by his party in the Legislature last winter ought to have convinced him that any effort he might make to get his old fashioned views endorsed by a Republican State Convention would end in disastrous failure. Mr. Wolfe was a delegate to Mr. Quay's convention, which met at Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week, the temporary chairman of which was Louis W. Hall, formerly of Altoona, who is Bill Kemble's counsel in the threatened criminal proceedings against him in the Quarter Sessions of Dauphin county for his corrupt lobby operations in favor of the Pittsburg riot' losses bill. With Hall in the chair, Quay on the floor, and Kemble's roosters, headed by 'Lish Davis, Hilferty, and others of that stripe as delegates from Philadelphia, Wolfe very soon discovered that as a reformer and the advocate of "honest men in office" he was like the man who went down to Jericho and fell amongst thieves. To give Quay and Kemble a reminder that the ways and means resorted to at the last session to carry the riot bill were still fresh in the public mind, Mr. W. offered the following plain and unobjectionable resolution:

Resolved, That in view of the developments of corrupt practices in connection with the "riot bill" in the last House, we emphatically reaffirm that part of the platform adopted by the Republican State Convention at Lancaster in 1875, and which was readopted by the Republican State Convention at Harrisburg in 1876, which demands "honest men in office—men with brains enough to know dishonesty when they see it and courage enough to fight it wheresoever they find it."

Kemble's friend, Chairman Hall, and Kemble's Philadelphia crowd did not intend that any resolution so personally insulting as this should be entertained, much less be permitted to pass a convention that was owned by Matthew S. Quay and Don Cameron, and Hall decided that it was out of order, and would not even permit it to be read. But Wolfe persisted and after a fierce struggle succeeded in forcing Hall to allow the convention to hear it. That was the end of the resolution, however, so far as the convention was concerned. It went to the committee on resolutions, where it was buried amidst the jibes and jeers of the committee; and the demand of two former Republican State Conventions, one in 1875 and the other in 1876, for "honest men in office," was booted at and kicked out of a convention of the same party in 1879, with the added offence of refusing to denounce the "corrupt practices" of Kemble and others in connection with the "riot bill."

WE now have the authority of no less a man than Harry White for the statement that the project of a third nomination of Grant is a failure. This news reaches us from Washington, where White put in an appearance yesterday week, full of wisdom on the Presidential question. He said that when he went to the White House he would tell Mr. Hayes that "the people had began to talk about him for President again," which, being rightly interpreted, simply means that White has a dull axe which he wants Hayes to grind. He gave as his authority for the Hayes feeling "a big merchant of Pittsburg" who told him (White) that the re-election of Hayes would be better than anything that has happened to this country for a great while, and that it would settle Grant, Sherman, Blaine and all the rest of them. "I find a good many people in Pennsylvania," added White, "who think like the Pittsburg merchant." "Grant," he said "seems to have lost his boom. He has lost largely of late, not from any cause, but his name seems to have dropped out. It may come up again, but there is now much less heard of him than formerly." It is quite probable that White may make Hayes swallow his statement that the people are beginning to talk about him for President again, but he will not succeed in getting any other man in Washington who has lucid intervals to believe any such dismal nonsense. When John Tyler was President, Daniel Webster said in a speech that Tyler's party could easily be carried in a large omnibus; and that is just about the size of the crowd that White meant when he said that he would tell Hayes that "the people" had began to talk about him for President again. White wants some change made in the internal revenue districts in Western Pennsylvania for the benefit of some friends of his, and when it comes out, as it surely will before a great while, the Hayes milk in White's cocoanut will be fully accounted for.

JOHN SHERMAN is the only man in this country, with the exception of the lunatic George Francis Train, who has ever undertaken publicly to advertise himself as a candidate for the Presidency. Appropriating to himself a government revenue cutter, he has been sailing along the Atlantic coast, visiting New York, Boston and other cities, and making speeches intended to boost him as the next Republican candidate for the Presidency. He spent most of last week thus engaged in Maine, whose State election will occur early in September. He says he went away down to Maine to help Blaine to carry the election, but that is too transparent, since it is not the custom of one Presidential candidate to give aid and comfort to another Presidential aspirant in his own State, or indeed anywhere else. If the Republicans lose Maine, as the Greenbackers and Democrats claim that they will, it will be a very large slice of the day of judgment, both to "Bully Blaine" and Agnes Jenks' special friend, John Sherman. In his speeches in Maine, Sherman presumed largely on the ignorance of the people who listened to him. At Portland, in eulogizing the Republican party, he impudently proclaimed that "It (the party) never robbed the ballot-box." Who stole the vote of Louisiana but John Sherman and his confederates in the crime, all of whom were leaders of the Republican party? He also said of his party, "It has done more than any other party that ever existed to provide land for the landless." The people of Maine, as well as the people of every other State, know that John Sherman's party in Congress has literally despoiled the public domain by its unlimited land grants to monster rail road corporations, and thereby prevented more men from becoming land owners than any party that has ever existed in this country.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Passenger rates on the New York Central is two cents a mile. It is the cheapest fare of any railroad in the world.

—The wife of John Steiger, of Union Hill, N. J., gave birth on Thursday to a babe which has twelve fingers and twelve toes.

—Michael Fitzgibbons, another of the Memphis refugees who went to New York, died at quarantine of yellow fever on Monday last.

—George Washington was recently hanged in Kentucky, and not long after Napoleon Bonaparte mounted the scaffold in Mississippi.

—Malcolm McArthur was instantly killed and six others seriously injured by the falling of a beam at a barn raising at Woodville, N. S., on Monday.

—John Hennesy, one of the stevedores who assisted in unloading the steamer City of Merida at New York and contracted yellow fever, died at quarantine on Sunday.

—A bird's nest containing four bluish-green eggs, was found underneath an Erie freight car, on a beam above the truck. The car had just passed over the entire road.

—Nellie Cox, a six-year-old daughter of Crosby M. Cox, of Chester, Pa., died on Saturday from hydrophobia caused by the bite of a rabid dog about two months ago.

—Miss Martha A. Head, the bride at a wedding in Wayne county, Ga., was only 10 years old. Her parents were present at the ceremony and gave it their full approval.

—The Court of Errors and Appeals at Trenton, N. J., has reversed the decision of the lower court in the case of Mrs. Smith and Bennett, convicted of murdering policeman Smith in Jersey City.

—Two aged colored women fought in the Newport almshouse, and it transpired that sixty years before they had quarreled about a lover so bitterly that, on meeting, their animosity was as strong as ever.

—Mrs. Johanna Brennan, a refugee from Memphis, died of yellow fever in New York on Friday morning. She had been in the city only three days, and was taken sick on the day of her arrival.

—The proprietors of the Boston *Pilot* will, in September, pay a fourth voluntary dividend of ten per cent. on the amount due those who deposited their money with Patrick Donahoe, making nearly $20,000 paid.

—Empress Eugenie has written to Queen Victoria begging that no penalty be inflicted upon Lieut. Carey. He was with the Prince Imperial when the latter was killed, and has been sent home for trial on a charge of neglect of duty.

—The Catholic Church has in its Asian missions 109 bishops, 5,630 priests and 2,835,663 converts. Of these converts there are 887,474 in India, 772,412 in China and 16,622 in Japan. More than 9,000 additions were made in China last year.

—A shooting affray occurred at the farm house of L. Corvert, near Columbus, Ind., at the breakfast table Wednesday morning between his sons Henry and Alexander in which Henry was instantly killed and Alexander mortally wounded.

—Mrs. Margaret Vaux, of Philadelphia, mother of ex-Mayor Vaux, has, according to Forney's *Progress*, visited Long Branch annually for sixty years, and is there again this season. She is 87 years old, but still enjoys life and its pleasures.

—A man named Gross, in the employ of Frank Myers, five miles west of York, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Myers, outraged a child named Strayer, a step-sister of Mrs. Myers, aged 12 years. The child is in a dangerous condition. Gross has fled to parts unknown.

—Miss Lavinia Fry, living on a farm near Litiz, Lancaster county, was picked up on the horns of a ferocious bull on Friday and tossed across a creek. Renewing the attack, the animal threw the young lady over a fence, and, strange to say, her injuries are not serious.

—A young man has died in Binghamton from the effects of swallowing a silver half dollar about three weeks previous. He was tossing the coin in the air and catching it in his mouth, to amuse a child, when it lodged in his throat and passed into his stomach.

—John Mahoney and James Sullivan were drowned at Black Rock Harbor, near Buffalo, N. Y., Sunday last, while fishing. Mahoney fell into the river, and Sullivan, in attempting to save him, was grasped by Mahoney and pulled to the bottom. Both men were married.

—Martin Defoor and wife, living six miles from Atlanta, Ga., both nearly eighty years of age, were brutally murdered on Friday night while in bed asleep. Both were cut in the neck with an axe. The murderers are not known, nor is their object in committing the deed.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Sims, who died in Lee county, Georgia, a few days ago, is said to have been 110 years old. Up to her last illness, which commenced some two months before her death, she was remarkably active, and went about with as much ease as an ordinary person of sixty.

—While a seven-year-old son and a nine-year-old daughter of a man named Hanson, living at Astoria, L. I., were playing on the bank of the river on Friday the boy fell into the water. The girl tried to rescue him and in the attempt fell in also. They were both drowned.

—In pushing ahead the work of improving the roadway, the Pennsylvania railroad last week purchased between 35 and 40 acres of ground at Bryn Mawr, paying at the rate of $2,500 per acre, or about $100,000 for the whole. The bargain was made through Mr. Townsend, the iron man.

—A mine on Mosquito Range, near Leadville, Col., in which W. A. H. Loveland, of the Denver *News*, has one-half interest, has come into marvellously rich carbonate, equal to anything before discovered. Loveland refused $300,000 for his interest, and has paid $100,000 for three adjacent mines.

—A writ of error having been granted in the case of Cox, the convicted murderer of Mrs. Hull, in New York, there is now a good chance that the assassin will have a new trial from a jury that may regard him more favorably than the first one did. In which event more's the pity for justice.

—Ah Ching, a native Chinaman, has been ordained as deacon of the Trinity Episcopal church in San Francisco. He now takes the name of Walter C. Young, wears his hair short, and appears in an American costume. This is probably the first case of a Chinaman being admitted to orders in that church.

—The Philadelphia *Times* says that upon reflection Harry White is satisfied that he won't be able to get water enough in the Kiskimenitas to float his Hayes movement. He now thinks Sherman is the coming man for Pennsylvania, but he will have a chance to change his mind again before the dry season is over.

—Queen Victoria has sent to the ex-Empress Eugenie a frame made of violets in amathysts for the last photograph of the late Prince Imperial. The garland is surmounted by an eagle, which holds in his talons a three-colored streamer on which is written in golden letters the motto "Not lost, but gone before."

—James Bastian and David Brosius were killed by lightning in Cogan township, Lycoming county, one day last week. They had taken refuge in a barn. There were over a dozen persons in the barn; also, a team of horses, and all but the two men escaped with but slight shock. The building did not take fire.

—Courtland Parker, the only visiting statesman not heretofore provided for will be appointed to succeed "Clerical Error" Stoughton as Minister to Russia.

—The Montreal *Witness* learns of two miracles said to have occurred the other day at Varennes. One consists of a case in which a woman, lame for five years, threw down her crutch at the altar and walked upright; the other is that of a boy cured of partial paralysis.

—Michael Sullivan, who buried his daughter's babe while it was alive, at Springfield, New Jersey, a few days ago, has been adjudged guilty of murder in the first degree by a coroner's jury. The child lived for several hours after being exhumed, but the jury was of the opinion that it received fatal injuries when it was buried.

—Cetewayo knows the moral effect that a distant body of troops may exercise in a battle. At Kambula the seeming reserve of Zulu warriors that crowned the heights was composed of women, like the Scottish reserve which at a critical stage of the battle of Bannockburn "bore down on England's wearied war."

—Charles Burlington and Rod Brooks, two negroes, had a butting match at Greenville, N. C., on Thursday. The disgraceful affair lasted two hours, when Burlington fell from exhaustion, being terribly bruised about the cranium and face, and died shortly afterwards. Brooks will probably be sent to prison, as he deserves.

—Irene House, who, it will be remembered, shot and killed her husband, Orson Alonzo Moors House, a notorious New York divorce lawyer, at their country house, near Trenton, New Jersey, on June 30, 1876, has married again, and is living on a farm. Her husband (her fourth) is named Frank Parker, is but 23 years old, while she is 35.

—John Kranz, of East Farmington, Polk county, Wis., drove into the lake on Tuesday last, with six children in his wagon to water his horses. The horses becoming frightened, ran into deep water. The wagon was upset, and Kranz and five of the children were drowned. One boy escaped by swimming. The eldest child was a girl of seventeen.

—The Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad approved of the purchase of the Malvern branch of the West Chester Railroad, for which negotiations have been for some time in progress. The road is to be immediately put in first-class order. It is about nine miles long and runs from Malvern Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, to West Chester.

—Charles H. Stilley tramped into Reading a few days ago, hungry, ragged and disconsolate. A year before, he had made the people of that city stare at his ways of squandering $20,000 that had been left to him. On the latter visit, he begged a meal at the hotel in which he had once occupied the finest apartments, and slept in a barn where he had previously kept his horses.

—A singular case is reported from Roxbury, Conn. A little boy was seriously ill with diphtheria. He was the owner of a small dog, which had been denied access to the sick room. The dog managed to slip in and sprang to the bed and affectionately caressed the boy, lapping his face and mouth. The little boy began to recover his health, but the dog died with every symptom of diphtheria.

—Will Bosley, while at work on his farm at Oakington, Harford county, Md., discovered a black snake, which he made haste to kill. On examining the reptile, after he had killed it, it was found to measure four feet in length, and had two heads, one on each end, and both regularly proportioned. The animal was noticed to run backwards, and Mr. B. says it could go as fast one way as the other.

—A terrific thunder and hail storm occurred Sunday at Rockville, Ontario. Considerable damage was done to buildings by the lightning. A tree on the American side of the river was struck, under which the wife and child of George Hutton had taken refuge. The child was killed in its mother's arms, and the latter fatally injured. A man named Larocque was also killed on an island a short distance up the river.

—A special says that Thomas H. Bennett, occupying a lodge at Antietam cemetery, was shot and instantly killed by his wife on Sunday last. He charged her with intimacy with Haverfield, superintendent of the cemetery, and made an assault upon her, when she seized a carbine and shot him through the heart. The wife was arrested and lodged in jail at Hagerstown. She alleges the shooting was to protect her own life.

—A gravel train on the Northwestern railroad, while backing into Waukegan, Ill., on Saturday, with a large number of workmen in its cars, struck a cow on the track and was ditched. Anthony Joyce, Michael Sheridan, John Derigan and Patrick Conners were killed and another workman will die of his injuries. Conductors Thomas Halligan and Tom McNally were badly injured, together with several others whose names were not ascertained.

—An Atlanta (Ga.) dispatch of Monday last says that two negroes were captured the day previous on suspicion of being the murderers of the old couple Defoor, killed on Friday night. One of them is the barefooted negro who was seen about the house on the evening of the murder and whose tracks were noted about the house. The negroes deny all knowledge of the murder, and the suspicion that the object of the killing was not a simple burglary is deepening.

—Wm. P. McKee, eighty years of age, was arrested on Friday last at the home of his son in Millerstown, where he is stopping, and taken to Butler, a charge of rape having been preferred against him there by a lady named McGraw, who claims that McKee outraged her little daughter, eight years of age, in a boiler house in Millerstown. A doctor who examined the child says that from all appearances such a crime was committed. The girl herself relates the disgusting details of the crime, and says that McKee was her assailant.

—While Miss Addie Shelly, a young lady residing in Watts township, Perry county, was on her way a few evenings ago to a neighbor's house, about a mile distant, she was met by a young man named Huggins, who seized her and attempted to do all and more than all that his name implies. Fortunately her outcries brought a man named Samuel Albright to her assistance, whereupon the young miscreant took to the woods and at latest accounts had not been arrested. The young lady was so badly frightened that she was ill for several days.

—Miss Lavinia Fry, aged 20 years, met with a terrible death near Ephrata, Berks county on Tuesday. She was passing along a public road, when a drove of cattle passed by and an infuriated bull attacked her. Catching her on his horns, he tossed her twenty feet across a creek. The animal plunged after her, and on the opposite bank he again caught her on his horns, and threw her over a five-railed fence. One horn penetrated her abdomen. Her right hip-bone was broken, and she was so badly wounded that she died shortly afterward.

—The Pittsburgh *Telegraph* says that one of the twin boys of Bernard Maloy, of the Nineteenth ward, got possession of a pistol the other day, and succeeded in putting a bullet into his finger. While a physician was dressing the wound there was another explosion of the pistol, and a scream from the other twin announced that he had also shot himself. Investigation showed that he had shot himself in the same finger and so near the same place that no distinction could be made between the wounds. The twins look so much alike that they could not be told apart by strangers, and as each carries the same hand bandaged the resemblance is kept complete.

—Erie has a high toned scandal with thrilling details that would make excellent reading for a sensational journal. The wrongdoers are the postmaster, Thos. M. Walker, and the wife of a prominent citizen. Both are connected by marriage with some of the wealthiest and most respected families of Erie. Result—injured husband leaves wife, and threatens suit and bodily harm to the destroyer of home and happiness, while the latter, with a bandaged head—having been roughly handled on the night of the discovery by the brothers of the lady—departs for the West, and shame and disgrace pervades the air in the homes of the deserted wives and their relatives.

—The New York *Sun* says that Ferdemeyer, the wheelbarrow man, if he has proved nothing else by his tramp across the continent, has shown up the falsity of the theory that the Indians of the far West are always eager to take a white man's scalp. He travelled more safely, by night and day, among those Western savages than he could have done in a five months' journey through the streets of New York. Indians in plenty he and his companion saw, but they did not harm a hair of the two travellers; nor did they pilfer from the much-trundled barrow. It was prudent for Ferdemeyer and Potter to let the Indians alone, and that policy became their ample protection.

—While the panic-stricken people of Memphis are crowding the trains for the North there is one man who insists that there is no yellow fever in the city and offers to back up his opinion with his money. His name is Goodbar, and he publishes a card in one of the papers proposing a wager of $500 that no genuine yellow jack can be found, $250 that there will be no epidemic this summer, and $250 that there will not be over thirty-five deaths per week for the next four weeks. If the fever could be kept away by a wager Goodbar ought to be induced to raise his bet. Thus far the bet has found no taker. Nobody seems eager to win the money by furnishing himself an undoubted case of the fever.

—Bishop Haven, the religio-political enthusiast, has opened his mouth again and is yelling for a perfect government through the strikingly odd combination of the clergy and the United States marshals. The full text of his late speech shows that, in his opinion the Democrats are hyenas, that reconciliation panders to the vilest passion of caste, and that the only salvation of the country is to appoint United States marshals to control Congressional and Presidential elections, who shall "prepare the list of voters, challenge them, receive, count and announce the vote." The West Chester *Jeffersonian* thinks it would be a decided advantage to the religion which Bishop Haven represents to have him bottled up until after the election is over.

—A special to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* from Clarksville, Tenn., July 27, says a report has reached there of a terrible tragedy at or near Dover, Tenn., the day previous. William Burchel, a former citizen of Clarksville, and a carpenter by trade, was married not long since to Mrs. Yates, widow of J. H. Yates, formerly a policeman and sexton of the City Cemetery at Clarksville. Mrs. Yates had a daughter by her former husband. Burchel, in a fit of frenzy, shot his wife, his stepdaughter, who was full grown, and then shot himself. Burchel died almost immediately, but at last accounts Mrs. Burchel and Miss Yates were alive, but in a very critical condition. No cause is assigned for the act. Burchel had the reputation of being a quiet man. It is believed that he must have been laboring under a fit of temporary insanity.

—A gentleman in this county, says the Hamilton (Ga.) *Journal*, gives us the following account of a horned snake: He states that while hoeing in a field of corn he saw a large snake crawling along with its head and tail raised about eighteen inches from the ground. He decided to kill the snake, and raising his hoe started in pursuit. The snake seeing him turned back to meet his foe, when the gentleman, considering prudence the better part of valor, turned on his heels and fled, the snake in pursuit. A large white oak tree was standing not far off, and to this he made his way. Just as he jumped behind the tree the snake struck at him, and the horn, about two inches long, was buried in the tree. The snake, unable to get his horn out of the tree, was killed. The strangest part of the affair is that in six hours the leaves on the tree, which had been perfectly green and flourishing, began to wither, and in less than twelve hours were perfectly dead. The gentleman who relates the above is a reliable farmer.

—Three generations since, two married daughters, the only children of Col. William Baker, moved from the United States into Canada and settled in the Ottawa region. Subsequently the Colonel's two brothers, like him, soldiers of the Revolutionary war, died, leaving him their properties, which, together with his own, he bequeathed to his daughters at his death, which occurred in 1801. For some reason the women laid no claim to the estate, which has enormously increased in value. There are now about thirty grand-children of the daughters living in Canada and Northern New York, and who, as joint claimants, have taken steps to recover the property. It is said that a large portion of Philadelphia has been built upon it, and that, in addition thereto, it includes a tract of eleven square miles on the shores of the Hudson, another in the coal fields of this State, besides scattered properties in New York city and elsewhere. The coal property was leased by Colonel Baker for ninety-nine years, and the lease is just about to expire. The property is estimated to be worth $200,000,000.

THE latest news from Gen. Miles is that he was encamped on Beaver Creek, Montana. It is now denied that he is anxious to get into a fight with the Indians, his instructions being, it is said, not to precipitate hostilities without being compelled to do so, the purpose of the expedition being to prevent the insolent young Indian bucks from stopping the steamboats on the upper Missouri, and from making free with other people's property. It is very difficult to find out just what Sitting Bull is doing, what he proposes to do, or even where he now is. While the War Department regards him as undoubtedly hostile in his purposes, the British authorities at Ottawa, Canada, declare that he is on the best of terms with the mounted police force that is constantly in his immediate neighborhood, and that his talk indicates the reverse of an intention to make war on the settlers. If any of his band are south of the border, the strong presumption is that they are hunting buffalo, and not white men. A few days will make the situation plainer on the plains.

NO GOOD PREACHING.—No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.

REMARKABLE USE FOR A PIANO.—Charge this to the West Chester *Local News*:

A lady residing near Little Britain, Lancaster county, received several years ago, among her wedding presents, a piano, and not having received a musical education, thought best to put the article to a practical use; so, after doing service in the kitchen, it now stands in the spring house, and the children are entertained by pounding on the keys on one side, while she prints the butter on the other side, and the music (?) attracts the cows in from the field to be milked. Fact!

A Cat's Chickens.

A little hatch-it story, which of course must be true, is told by the New York *World* of Sunday last. It is all about a motherly cat that hatched out and is now raising a brood of young chickens, and is told in this wise:

Mrs. Thomas Leonard, wife of a bricklayer living at 73 Fifteenth street, South Brooklyn, has a very maternal cat and a very simple-minded brood of chickens. The chickens were left motherless before they had cracked the shell by the cruel desertion of the hen to whose care the eggs had been consigned. The cat immediately took possession of the nest, hatched out the chickens and is now educating them according to her lights. Mrs. Leonard, who is very proud of the queer family, said to a reporter yesterday:

"I put six eggs under my old hen and she took care of them until about three days before the chickens were expected to come out. One evening I noticed that she was not acting like a setting hen and I went to the nest in the barrel, thinking that my eggs would be spoiled. The barrel was lying on its side with the mouth towards the fence and only far enough from it to allow the hen to pass in and out. I put my hand into the barrel and was surprised and scared to feel a soft, warm fur. Then I heard a cat mew and I called 'Tibbie.' The cat mewed again and I found it was my own. I tried to coax her out, but she wouldn't come. She was lying with the eggs gathered under her and I concluded to let her stay there. She stuck to the nest for three days, coming out occasionally to get something to eat and scampering back as soon as she had satisfied her appetite. A week ago last Sunday morning I went into the yard and heard the 'peep' of some chickens. I looked into the barrel and there saw five chickens which the cat was licking. The sixth shell was broken, but the chicken had not come out. I ran in and told Tom—that's my husband—of my discovery, but he laughed at me and said I was trying to fool him into getting up early on a Sunday morning. That evening the cat bro't five chickens up into the kitchen. The sixth had died. I carried the barrel in and put it in the front room and they took possession of it and seemed comfortable. But within a day or two so many people came to see them that Tibbie got uneasy and carried off her family. She hid them under an old closet down stairs, where I found them. I brought them up again and put them in this big cage in an out-of-the-way corner and there you can see how contented they are."

Tibbie was lying curled up on a feather pillow in the cage with her foster family around her—Two of them were straddled over her back and two more were nestled between her legs. The fifth was absent, having been purchased by a lady of Brooklyn. Mrs. Leonard took the chicks in her hand and carried them into the back room. The cat lay perfectly quiet until she heard their cries of distress; then she ran out of the cage, bounded over the board which Mrs. Leonard had placed across the foot of the doorway to confine the chicks to the limits of the front room, and hurried out. She mewed gently and the chickens ran to her. Putting her paw under one she seized it with her mouth and carried it gently to the nest. When she reached the board at the door she did not jump over hastily, as a commonplace cat would, but rose on her hind legs with maternal gentleness, placed her fore paws on the top and with a swift but easy motion slid to the floor the other side without jarring the chicken. She laid it in the nest and repeated the operation until all four were brought back, when she lay down beside them contented.

Tibbie is about eighteen months old and is a real tortoise-shell.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD HERO.—The following instance of wonderful and valuable presence of mind displayed by a mere child is related in a recent issue of the Pittsburgh *Chronicle*:

At Zanesville, Ohio, recently, as the westbound Baltimore & Ohio Railroad train was coming into the city, a little fellow, aged about five years, named Willie Schwarden, was seen standing in the middle of the track.

A number of bystanders saw him, but supposed that he knew that the train was approaching, and at first said nothing. But the train came swiftly along, and the little fellow paid no attention to it.

Becoming alarmed, the bystanders called out to him to get off the track, but still the little fellow stood there, heedless of danger. The train came on under a pretty high rate of speed, with the bell ringing, and the whistle screaming, to apprise the lad of his impending doom.

Michael Ryan, a playmate aged about five years, seeing that his little friend would be killed in a moment, if he was not removed, rushed out from among the men who were hallooing at the imperiled ind, and when the locomotive was within ten feet of Schwarden, he leaped on the track, and with almost superhuman strength bore him out of danger. The engine steamed past, leaving Ryan there with his little companion in his arms, the hero of the hour. So daring and prompt an act in one so extremely young has rarely been known, and Willie owes to his little playmate the debt of his life.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM PREMATURE BURIAL.—A dispatch from Roxabel, N. C., to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says:

One of the most remarkable incidents connected with the terrible wind-storm which prevailed in this section yesterday, was the destruction of the dwelling which Mrs. Adelaide Burton occupied. The lady was enveloped in the debris, and, as supposed, killed. Her body was removed from the timbers by which it was covered, and prepared for burial. As the friends of the supposed deceased lady were in the act of removing the casket to the hearse, to-day, she revived and raised her head and asked to be informed what they meant by their singular proceedings. She was informed that she was being prepared for burial, having been killed in the fall of her house. The sudden revival of the lively corpse created great consternation among the large gathering of her friends who were in attendance to witness the last sad rites. Mrs. Burton had remained in a trance for over forty-eight hours. She is up this evening and superintending the removal of the debris of her house, preparatory to having a new residence erected.

A SEXTON BURIED BY LIGHTNING.—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* furnishes the following:

From the village of Tecumseh, Michigan, are received the particulars of one of the most peculiar deaths ever recorded. During the early village sexton, John O'Connell, was engaged in digging a grave when one of the recent thunder storms came on. There followed a blinding flash of lightning, accompanied by an instantaneous report, as it seemed, directly in the grave, and Mr. O'Connell found himself prostrated in the bottom of the grave, which was nearly completed. The whole surface and sides of the grave were ploughed up, and he himself was half buried in loose earth. He tried to rise but, was unable to, and thought at first his lower limbs were severed from his body. They were completely bereft of feeling, and he had lost all use of the muscles. Gradually, however, feeling returned and he was able to rise, when he found both boots completely shattered and the lower part of his trousers torn, but himself uninjured. A general feeling of lassitude and weakness followed, but this soon passed off, and equipped in new boots and pantaloons, he was soon well.

WHY BUTLER WAS NOMINATED.—Speaking of the Republican nominee for State Treasurer the West Chester *Jeffersonian* says:

Mr. Butler, who is a brother of Hon. Wm. Butler, Judge of the United States District Court, has been a member of the Legislature from Chester county since 1877, and is an honorable and upright man, whose character is beyond reproach. However, it is not for a moment to be considered that the nomination was made out of compliment to himself or the county which he represents. Had it not been deemed expedient by Cameron from the political necessities of the times to make some concession to Chester county, Mr. Butler would have stood no more chance than if he had been the worst political scalawag in the commonwealth. Mr. Butler's chances were helped by the fact that he did not desert Cameron in the Senatorial contest, and Cameron never fails to repay a favor. It seems rather odd that the Republicans of this county, who have always made such a terrible ado about the Cameron ring, and its corrupt influences, should be willing to accept such a sop from its hands as the nomination of Mr. Butler.

BLUE PERSPIRATION.—The Evansville, (Ind.) *Tribune* tells the following strange story:

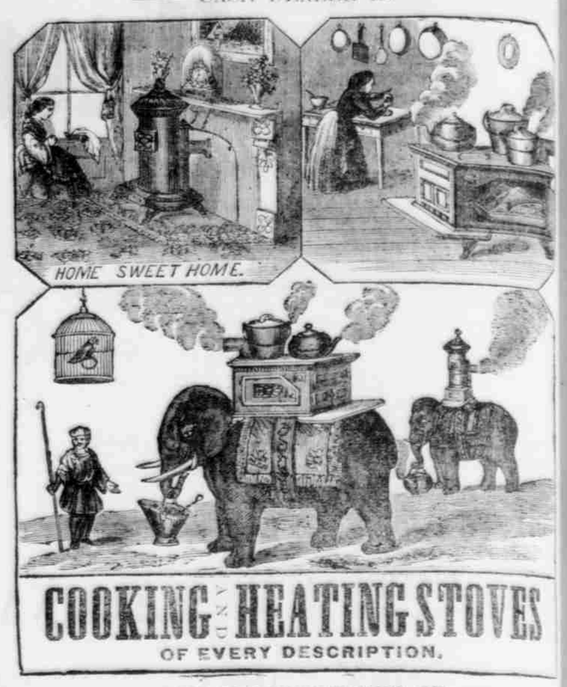
A very curious phenomenon is to be witnessed at Kohl's barber shop, under Viele Hall, where a barber named Peter Bager exudes bright blue perspiration. The young man has been in Mr. Kohl's employment about two weeks and came from Uniontown. A few days ago he was astonished to find that when he wiped the perspiration from his face it stained his handkerchief to a bright blue color. He thought at first that it was but wiping off some color that accidently got upon his face, and then that it was due to the indigo in his shirt, but no matter how he may change the blue perspiration contrives to come out. A towel on which he wipes hangs in the shop and Mr. Kohl said that when first used it showed but a faint color, but soon became a bright cerulean blue. This will be an interesting case for the physicians to investigate and ascertain causes. Mr. Kohl assures us that there is no soil or humbug about it, but that the blue drops can be found on the young man's face all the time.

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink,)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
Hop Cough Cure is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.
The Hop Pain for Stomach, Liver and Kidney is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. Ask druggist.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
Send for circular. 25c.
All sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE.—The Partnership Association known as the "Sonman Land and Coal Company" (Limited), has been dissolved by the voluntary act of all parties in interest.
W. J. CHEYNEY, Chairman.
Philadelphia, June 30, 1879.—7-4-6t.

AGENTS READ THIS
We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address Sturman & Co., Marshall, Mich.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. $77 Outfit free. SHAW & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GEO. W. YEAGER
—CASH DEALER IN—


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1402 ELEVENTH AVE., ALTOONA, PA.
CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY
ROOFING, SPOUTING and Repairing
[8-6.] PROMPTLY AND SATISFACTORILY ATTENDED TO.

Important Announcement!
JOHN WANAMAKER,
GRAND DEPOT,
Thirteenth Street, - - Philadelphia.
THE large increase of our business thus far this year makes it necessary to
ENLARGE OUR PREMISES.
We have been cramped and crowded all the season in some of our Departments, and our alternative is to make some important alterations and additions to give us the needed room.
The only time to do this is during August and September, the dullest periods of the year.
To allow the builders to get on rapidly with the work, some of our goods must be moved or sold. To save expense of removing certain stocks, to prevent loss and depreciation from dust during the alterations, we have concluded to offer many of our goods at or about cost.
The whole of our stock will be found to be marked very, very low.
THE GREAT ALTERATION SALE
COMMENCES IMMEDIATELY.
Our prices are always at the very lowest point, and at this time, when goods are advancing in price, we should not press our stock to sale but to get the goods out of the way in the
EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS
And improvements to be made to the Grand Depot.
It is unnecessary to say that the qualities in our goods are the best. We do not want to lose reputation by selling poor or imperfect goods. The well-known rules of Exchange or Return Money observed by the Grand Depot fully protect our customers, and, besides, in building up this great business, we are very careful to keep good faith with our patrons who rely on us.
We only add that it will be to the interest of the people

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY MORNING, - AUG. 1, 1879.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Democratic Committee of Cambria County.

The late Democratic County Convention having failed to place in nomination a County Ticket, the members of the County Committee are respectfully and urgently requested to meet at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, 5th August next*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of determining the future action of the party.

JOSEPH M'DONALD, Chairman.

Ebensburg, July 14, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—Johnstown boasts of no less than twelve barber-shops.

—Chop, corn meal, corn, and all kinds of feed, at Barkers.'

—With yesterday the trout-fishing season ended for this year.

—The Blair county Court was in session in Hollidaysburg this week.

—Don't go out to fish for trout until the first day of May, or thereabout.

—What's the difference, please, between a malefactor and a female factor?

—The Asiatic cholera is reported to have made its appearance in Pittsburgh.

—Hay, hay, timothy hay! Who'll bring us a load their subscription to pay?

—McDonald, Loretto, sells parasols at 15 cents up, and sunshades at 50 cents up.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. will sell you flour at lower prices than you can get it elsewhere.

—The Grand Lodge of the True Brothers of Pennsylvania held a session in Johnstown this week.

—The dwelling portion of Mt. Gallitzin Seminary is being treated just now to a new French roof.

—The "Mind-your-own-business" society hasn't so large a membership as it should have in this community.

—A youth named Dimond was drowned in the Susquehanna river, at Cherrytree, while bathing one day last week.

—See advertisement for bridge letting in another column—that is, see it if you are interested in bridge building.

—Altoona is talking of having a four days' trotting meeting this fall, with premiums aggregating $3,000 or $4,000.

—Geo. McDonald's, Loretto, for tinware of all shapes and sizes. He has what you want and knows how to sell cheap.

—Col. Wm. McDermitt, of Clearfield township, is the Republican State Central Committee man from that county.

—A test oil well is to be put down in Westmoreland county by a company that has leased two thousand acres of land.

—William Reitz, an Altoona wife-deserter, was captured in Johnstown last Monday by the police and sent back home to answer, etc.

—It is an undisputable fact that you can buy any kind of groceries from V. S. Barker & Bro. cheaper than from any one else in town.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. still have on hand a small stock of prime dried peaches and apples, which they are selling six lbs. for a quarter.

—A grand excursion from Columbus, Ohio, Pittsburgh, and other points west, to Altoona and Lloydsville, is on the tapis for next week.

—You can get special bargains in shoes at Barkers' between this and the 5th of September, as they have a large stock to close out before that date.

—A kind friend at Cherrytree has our thanks for several interesting news items from that vicinity. May he be blessed with the gift of long continuance.

—The County Commissioners officially viewed the new bridge over the Conemaugh at Cooperdale last Monday. The structure has been given satisfactorily.

—The new double column advertisement of Messrs Bowman & Morrow, Altoona came too late to take the place of the old one this week. It will appear in our next.

—Mr. Charles Cullen, of Portage township, has received from the Pension Bureau the back pay of $550, being the amount of arrearages due him from that source.

—Mrs. Mary Daily, of Shanor station, Westmoreland county, was drowned by a flood of unprecedented magnitude which swept over that section last Saturday.

—The barn of Archibald Stewart, near Greenville, Indiana county, was struck by lightning, set on fire and burned to the ground, on the 21st inst., with all its contents.

—The Ebensburg *Herald* was eight years old last week, and we are glad to know that in a financial point of view it is receiving that measure of support which it so well deserves.

—The manufacture of cheese is becoming an important industry in Somerset county, and many pounds of the commodity are shipped to market last Tuesday—"cheese it!"

—The name of Gen. A. H. Coffroth, member of Congress from this district, is prominently mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1882. Our neutral couldn't well be found anywhere.

—An Altoona paper calmly tells how a chicken down there was accidentally placed under a box and left in that situation, without light, food or water for the period of two days, and afterward was taken out alive.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* man has found out, we hope not by sad experience, that a man may give kerosene to the hired girl to kindle a fire with, but if he gives her more than a spoonful at a time he is very likely to see by his wife—look out for a conflagration.

—Mr. Dr. Brady, of Summerhill township, who is nearly if not quite 75 years of age, was thrown from a horse on Saturday last and very severely bruised. Owing to her advanced age, the probabilities are that she will not recover.

—It is rumored that a young girl was outraged by two fiends in human shape near Warm Springs, Huntingdon county, on Friday last, and that the lecherous scoundrels were to be sent where Warm (sulphurous Springs eternal.

—A large and commodious dwelling house owned by Mr. John Henderson and situated in Burnside, Clearfield county, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night last. The loss is heavy to Mr. H., who earns his bread by following the joiner.

—Although sugars are considerably higher in price than they were some time ago, V. S. Barker & Bro. are still selling to lbs. of the granulated sugar (*warranted standard*) for one dollar, and all other sugars at lower rates than any one else.

—The vote of 1853 to the citizens of Whitemarsh township decided on Monday of last week to divide said township, one portion to retain the old name and the other to be called Whitpain township, in honor of our legal neighbor, Geo. M. Reade, Esq.

—McDonald, Loretto, sells infants' shoes at 25 cents up; children's shoes at 35 cents; misses' shoes at 60 cents up; ladies' shoes at $1 up; boys' boots at $1.00; men's shoes at $1.25 up; men's fine boots at Match these prices if you can.

—A drunken tramp went to sleep in Mr. Walters' haymow, in Stonycreek township, this county, one day last week, and, awaking being the programme, a load of hay was dumped in with him. He was smothered, but the next thing to it.

—Talk about angels' visits. They are nowhere in point of scarcity when compared with cash enclosures received at this office. We could possibly please send us a check for anything less than a thousand, if for nothing more than to break the painful monotony.

—Hagan Hinkles, 72 years of age, and for many years of Johnstown, was drowned in the Conemaugh river, near Braddock's station, last Saturday evening. He was in bathing, was sucked under a boat by the current. The body was recovered and taken to Johnstown for interment.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* places the altitude of the summit of Lloydsville, the western terminus of the Bell's Gap narrow-gauge railroad, at 2,100 feet. The figures are correct. There is no point in Cambria county 2,100 feet above the sea, and Lloyds-ville is in Cambria county.

—Mr. Daniel J. Jones, of Johnstown, with a number of his family, spent last Saturday and Sunday in our midst. He was in former years one of our most esteemed citizens, and people are not only glad to welcome us on all occasions, but would like to see some oftener and stay longer.

—We are somewhat late but none the less sincere in tendering our sympathies to the editor of the Indiana *Democrat*, who has been the loss of his amiable and excellent wife, the mother of two promising boys, which occurred a couple of weeks ago, on the twenty-fourth year of her age.

—John Mahaffey, of Cherrytree, succeeded in getting his raft to Lock Haven during the recent rise in the river, and Mr. Brilhart, of that borough place, got as far as Pine Island with one of similar dimensions.

—The first named gentleman refused seven cents per cubic foot for his timber at Lock Haven.

—Gen. Hoyt is said to be confined to his bed at the Mountain House, Cresson, by the illness of that popular landlord. The experience last week at his home in Hollidaysburg. The former can't go out by reason of the gout, and the latter had to by reason the malarial fever would follow him to go out.

—The big flood in the Susquehanna, as we learn since the item elsewhere was put in type, was caused in a great measure by the breaking of Mr. Porter Kinports' dam, at or near Cherrytree, which dam was dam-aged to the extent of $300 or $400 by the sweeping away of the forebay and part of the wing.

—The Democratic County Committee will meet in the Court House next Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. In view of the magnitude of the interest involved to the Democratic party of Cambria county in the present campaign, all of which are fully understood by both the Committee and our readers, it is hoped the attendance will be full.

—Mr. Daniel McGough, of Croyle township, requests us to say that he would like to figure on the Democratic ticket as the nominee for County Commissioner, and as he is a gentleman who could perform the duties intelligently and satisfactorily, we know of no reason why his wish should not be gratified —provided the convention is willing.

—Dr. Joseph W. Cameron, a full cousin of Hon. Simon Cameron, died in Washington City last week, aged 70 years. He practiced his profession in Ebensburg many years before and later in Altoona, and was regarded by his medical friends as in the very front rank of his profession. At the time of his death he was employed in the War Department.

—Commenting on the fact that we don't keep company with a pair of scissors, the Huntingdon *Local News* says that is neither does a printer carry lye, but he has use for it all the same. Very lye(alki)li that's correct, but it's none the less lye-a-ble to misconstruction, inasmuch as everybody may not know what kind of lye the *L.*(ying) *N.*(ewspaper) is telling—about.

—Many a cross stick, no doubt, has been wielded by our good old friend "Rob Roy" in his long and creditable career as a public school teacher, but we doubt whether he ever wrestled with acrostics so extensively and successfully as he does through the columns of the FREEMAN this week. Read his effusions and you can see who he is immortalizing in generous verse.

—The forthcoming inspection of the Fifth regiment, P. N. G., will be held in September, and Cresson is being prominently named as an available point for the unfolding of the tents. By the way, the Fourteenth regiment, of Pittsburgh, is seriously talking of forming an encampment at Cresson the latter part of the present month. No pleasanter place in the State could be found.

—The Huntingdon *Local News* says that Michael Ryan, the contractor, who was killed by the explosion at the quarry in that place, on Tuesday of last week, was six years in the employ of Collins Brothers, contractors for the railroad, in Brazil. When the vessel Metropolis went down, he was the first man to reach shore. Stiles Jenkins, of that place, was upon the same vessel, and also escaped.

—Mrs. Kephart, widow of Lieut. Sam'l A. Kephart, late of Wilmore, is in a fair way of receiving a pension of $17 per month for herself and $2 per month for each of her five children, the pension to date from July 18th, 1875, and to continue in her case during widowhood, and in that of her children until the age of sixteen has been reached in each instance.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* says that the martins migrated from that place on Friday morning last, but as the *Tribune* can't tell the truth about martins any more than it can about politics, and especially not about Mr. John C. Martin, of Portage Station, we don't propose to believe that the little twitterers have left or intend leaving there any more than they ever until the usual time, which is two weeks hence.

—We failed last week to notice the death of Sister Michael, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in this place, which occurred on Friday, the 18th of July. The deceased was a model religious. Amiable and edifying in life, patient in her sufferings, she passed away calmly and happy in the sweet consolations of her faith. Sister Michael was 31 years old, and had been eight years and four months in religious life. *Requiescat in pace.*

—Mr. David Rittler is the name of the skillful stone-mason who constructed the new pavement in front of the Johnstown jail, High street, and his home is in Carrolltown. He is a tall, stalwart man, with a decided military air about him. This latter fact is explainable by the other fact that Mr. Rittler is an old soldier, he having been in 1870 and thereabout a member of the body-guard of the Grand Duke of Baden, an organization composed of 1,000 men, and which took a prominent part in the Franco-German war.

—We hope our friends of the press will continue to aid us in furnishing the Johnstown *Tribune* with the necessary material for constructing an occasional item about J. C. Martin, H. A. McPike, and the Cambria FREEMAN. The exercise seems to accord deliberately with fitness and the sweet-scented Swank, and as it don't do Mr. Martin or ourself any harm, we are perfectly willing that the "ball should go on" so long as the readers of that delectable sheet (the *Tribune* aforesaid) are willing to bear the infliction.

—Our former townsman Dr. Ed. Pnark, wife and baby, all of whom except the baby are cordially remembered as admirers of the FREEMAN, have come to town to spend a portion of the heated term with Mrs. Plank's parents and to see their host of friends in this vicinity. They are welcome as coals at Christmas. The Doctor is located at Christiana, Lancaster county, where we are glad to know he is building up a lucrative practice. Now if he'll only be the saving Plank amid life's financial and physical shipwrecks.

—Among the more distinguished guests now "whiling the happy hours away" amid the tooral-rural delights of Belmont Cottage, in this place, may be named Hon. Titian J. Coffey, late of Washington City. Mr. Coffey, while in the latter city, served in Hoffman's day, filled for a time the high and honorable position of Assistant Secretary of War during the lamented President Lincoln's administration, but is now and has been for several years past a leading member of the bar at the national capital, practicing in all the higher Courts of the country.

—Col. Wm. Kinkaid Hill, who has occasionally cropped into prominence as a newspaper exponent of the Labor party, has a letter in a late number of the Pittsburgh *Labor Tribune*. Commenting on said letter, the Altoona *Tribune* says it would be a good thing for his party if Kilduff would go to Congress by the nomination of Col. Hill. In other words, it intimates that to Kilduff would be conferring a blessing on the cause he advocates. But, then, the *Tribune* scribe is always jealous of the man who can write better and more energetically than himself.

—A lady friend who tarried for a short time in this place, en route to Cresson, to, of which Mr. Geo. C. Breon, late of Centre county, is the proprietor, assured us the other day that she never met with kinder treatment or more pleasant accommodations than were accorded her at that extensive and well-managed hotel. In view of these facts she has no hesitation in advising any one who has occasion to visit Loretto, either on business or pleasure, for a few hours or for many days, to give Mr. Breon a call, so confident is she that they will find everything about the house to their entire liking.

—As we intimated last week, the story about William Wilson, of Clearfield county, having killed one of his sons turned out a canard, and the report, having animate at the Clearfield jail for that or any other crime, the roundabout information of the Johnstown *Tribune* to the contrary notwithstanding. The Clearfield *Journal* says that Wilson gave one of his boys a severe beating not long since, which probably gave rise to the reported murder, and on the next approach old man is mentally "crooked," and with a little more provocation from his silly neighbors may eventually be prompted to the commission of some very bad deed.

—Mr. M. L. Oatman, of this place, who was at Cherrytree, Indiana county, last week, informs us that a rain storm of unusual severity visited that section on Friday. The fall of the Sunday previous, he says, was nearly dry about two o'clock on the afternoon of that day, but in less than three hours after the river was booming full, the water in the channel having risen to the height of fully twelve feet, while some portions of the town were lost to view for a time under the immense body of water. The flood was the most sudden and overwhelming ever experienced in that vicinity, but fortunately very little damage was done.

—At a meeting of the Directors of the Pa., Ohio and W. Va. Press Association, held in Pittsburgh on Friday last, it was determined, in lieu of an excursion to California, which was thought of but has been postponed until next Spring, to indulge in a summer jaunt to the Thousand Islands, on the river St. Lawrence, and a committee of three was appointed to make the necessary arrangements. It was also determined to publish a directory of the newspapers comprised in the Association, for the use of Pittsburgh advertisers, setting forth the population of the different towns and cities, the railroad facilities to and from Pittsburgh, and such other matters as are of interest to city advertisers.

—Sam Williams, colored, was hostler for a hotel in this town a quarter of century ago. He will be remembered by some of our oldest inhabitants as the possessor of a voice which for compass was scarce exceeded by the whistle of a Mogul engine, yet sweetly melodious when diverted into the channel of a plantation melody. Well, Sam, though he must be a couple of hundred years old, seems yet to be living in Indiana town, and not long since he was so unfortunate as to lose $18 by theft. He had worked hard for that money, and wasn't going to lose it, so he quickly hunted up the thieves. One proved to be his own daughter, and the other a niece, and though he got the $18 back, yet he now thinks that maybe after all the fair depredators were only playing off on him, and he was a fool to say anything about it.

—A party consisting of Prothonotary O'Donnell, Judge Thomas and Jack Rhey visited Chest township, this county, last Monday, on a trout-fishing expedition bent. They remained away two days, during Wednesday, with 326 fine trout and a half dozen eels in their baskets. A dozen of the speckled beauties found their way into ye editor's possession, for which kind remembrance Messrs. O'Donnell & Co. have our thanks. An explanation as to how the eels came to be numbered amongst the spoils may as well be here told. They set outlines one night, one hundred being the sum total of the hooks thereto attached. When the tackling was pulled up next morning, the six eels were found attached to six of the hooks, while sixty of the other hooks had been swallowed by sixty alligators, averaging fifteen inches in length. Such at least is the allegation of the alligatorists aforesaid. It was evidently a good night for alligators.

—A gentleman who is fully competent to give an opinion on the subject, and who is sojourning for the heated term in our midst, says that one of the principal wants of Ebensburg is a number of neatly built, modernly equipped and comfortably furnished cottages, every one of which to the number of a dozen or more would be "snapped up," so to speak, by city folks who wish to spend the summer in a quiet and home-like manner, and who would gladly pay and consider they were saving money by paying $150 for the use of such a cottage during the season. He estimates the cost of each building, finished and furnished, at about $1,000, and says that if he was a resident of Ebensburg he would ask no better investment for his money. As the growth and prosperity of our town is a subject of interest to all of us, we trust the gentleman whose views we have briefly given will favor us with a communication setting forth at length the reasons he has for the faith that is in him.

—The executive committee of the Printers' Association of the Juniata Valley met in Altoona on Saturday last and completed arrangements for the transportation and accommodation of all who propose to attend the journalistic jollification at Cresson on Saturday, Sept. 6th. The arrangement comprises a free ride from all points between Newport, Perry county, and Johnstown, this county, with towns on branch roads included, while the best of meals are to be served at the Mountain House at the low price of $1.00 for dinner and supper, or 75 cents for dinner alone, provided the number of participants does not exceed three hundred. If in excess of that number, the charge for dinner will be ten cents less, though for both meals the price will remain the same. The use of the grounds, parlors, etc., as well as the dining-room and music for dancing will be furnished without charge, while all who wish to do so will be at liberty to take their provisions with them and enjoy the occasion in the good old picnic style.

—There is in this town a mechanic who is honest, industrious, and the head of a family, and there also lives here a woman whose husband went West some years ago and has not returned. The mechanic spoken of embarked in a prolonged and most enthusiastic spree last week, and got through it all without having to call anybody in to assist him in his carousal. He got through with it we say—got comparatively sober in due course of time—but if he did, it was to become filled with astonishment when he discovered that a criminal warrant was out for his arrest. The allegation is that while laboring under the influence of a gallon, more or less, of corn-juice, he visited the domicil of the widow whose husband is in the West, and while there became entirely too violently demonstrative in his affectionate regards for her. It was assault of the worst character, if report be true, but a sense of fairness demands that it be said that the mechanic denies all knowledge of the charge. Inasmuch as the case will probably go before a jury, we forbear comment at this time.

—About 9 o'clock on Thursday morning of last week, a well-to-do farmer named Arthur Reese committed suicide in Lawrence township, Clearfield county, near the town of Clearfield, by hanging himself in his barn. In the absence of the coroner, Esquire Howe was summoned, who immediately repaired to the place, empaneled a jury, and, after a short deliberation, rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts. Mr. Reese left the house about 8 o'clock and went directly to the barn. The hired girl saw him in the barn-yard an hour or so later. When dinner was ready he was called, but no response came, whereupon the girl went to the barn to hunt him up. On opening the stable door she discovered the body suspended by a short rope, the feet touching the floor. On examination it was found that he had stood upon the manger, adjusted the rope properly, then deliberately slid from under him, and strangled to death. A shingle near by he had written his will, and charged his wife with being the cause of the trouble that led to the terrible deed. At the time of his death he was living with his second wife, and it is known that their matrimonial relations were not at all pleasant. Three promising children are left to mourn his untimely end.

—Mr. Emanual Wentz, of Carroll township, met with an adventure during the recent rise in the Susquehanna that came very near costing him his life. It seems that while in the vicinity of Mr. John G. C. Bearer's residence, in Susquehanna township, he left his horse and buggy on the bank of the river and betook himself on the raft to the neighborhood for the purpose of buying cattle, which he did not succeed in accomplishing, however, until a heavy rain storm came up. Not wishing to brave the elements in all their fury, he waited until the storm had somewhat subsided, when he went in quest of his horse and buggy, and found that they were nearly submerged by the water. Getting into the sulky, he attempted to find dry land, but instead of going forward the horse backed the vehicle and its occupant into the swollen stream, and before Mr. Wentz fully realized the situation, himself and team were being carried down by the swift-flowing current. Fortunately he succeeded in laying hold of something substantial before he had gone very far, and thus not only brought things to a standstill, but managed in some way to unhitch the horse, after which he and the animal swam ashore, leaving the sulky to fight it out in that line, which it did by going to the bottom of the stream, finally landing a couple of miles below the starting point. A narrow escape surely, and one which nothing short of presence of mind or absence of body could have made possible.

—A tramp who was attempting to steal a ride on the cars, and who created a disturbance while so doing, was put off at Mineral Point, and last week brought to town and committed to jail. He must have become dissatisfied with his new quarters, notwithstanding the fact that he was there afforded better food and lodging than he had been accustomed to for many a day, for on Saturday evening he tore up the wooden part of the floor of his cell and set it on fire. A young man employed in and around the establishment was quick to discover the smoke issuing from the cell, and gave the alarm. This was unfortunate in one sense of the word, for had he been in bed, or out of town, or anywhere removed from the penal portion of the building, he would have been treated to something would have been choked to death by smoke, and that, too, without endangering in the least the safety of the other inmates. As it was, a bucket of water impartially distributed over the cell floor and the person of the prisoner speedily brought things to rights again. The obstreperous tramp now in another cell, with the blind doors closed upon him, and by the time he gets through answering a charge of attempted arson at the next term of Court he will doubtless come to the conclusion that what is looked on as an every-day freak in New York, where he claims to come from, is not permissible in Cambria county.

—Mr. Jacob Trefts, chairman, has issued an ultimatum for the assembling of a National Greenback-Labor convention at the Court House in this place on Monday afternoon of next week, to take into consideration the state of the country. We stated last week that it was proposed to omit the nomination of a county ticket this year, and it is beyond dispute that the sentiment of the majority of that party is opposed to the re-enactment of that dreary farce. Even Chairman Trefts does not venture to say that the construction of a ticket is the work laid out for the convention to perform. But it seems there are some persons within the limits of the county whose sole ambition is to venture into entangling alliances and thereby become prominent before the public and in the newspapers, and they can see no method of achieving this end save by securing recognition on a Greenback-Labor ticket. It will be interesting to note which of these factions—the one comprising the honest, earnest men of the party, and the other made up of adventurers who have everything to gain and nothing to lose in the success of a new political venture—will win next Monday. We attach no significance to the convention, for its action in either direction will signally fail to shake the accustomed solid Democratic majority, but for various reasons, some of which have been hinted at and others of which may be imagined, the action of the convention will be closely scrutinized. The election for delegates will be held to-morrow afternoon.

BE WISE AND HAPPY.—If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.—On Friday of last week an unknown man, evidently a tramp, made his appearance on our streets. After wandering around for a time he directed his footsteps toward Mr. Geo. Huntley's hardware store, where he purchased and paid for a revolver of the pattern known as the "Tramp's Terror," soon after which he disappeared. On the following Sunday morning two young sons of Mr. Adam Schettig, of Cambria township, four miles north of this place, started to Carrolltown, whither the rest of the family had preceded them for the purpose of attending Mass, but when only a couple of hundred yards from their father's barn one of them had occasion to go into the woods by the roadside, and while there was horrified to discover the dead body of a man stretched upon the ground. Seizing the remains undisturbed and hastening to Carrolltown as speedily as possible, the young men gave the alarm, and in due time parties from that place and elsewhere repaired to the scene of the suicide, where they found, cold in death, as was subsequently ascertained, the unknown tramp who had bought the pistol in this place on the Friday previous, as above stated. A bullet, it was soon discovered, had crashed through his head, entering immediately above the left eye, and the pistol, with two of its seven chambers empty, was found lying at his feet. In the absence of the Coroner, Esquire Scanlan, of Carrolltown, was notified, who empannaled a jury and viewed the remains. In the pocket of the deceased was found some writing, in German characters, which showed that the killing was no accident, but a deed which had evidently been premeditated. He was unable to obtain work, he wrote, and had no friends in this country, and the lonely sound as the king of the forest falls prostrate—after all this is over for the day the weary toiler once more seeks the shelter of his friendly cabin.

Then comes the wearisome toil of log-rolling and burning before the virgin ground, full of roots and stumps, is ready for the planting plow. O, thou happy plowman of whom the immortal Gray sang so sweetly, how light was thy task when compared with a task like this!

Nevertheless, all these toils went not unrewarded. Soon, in the long days of Summer, the gentle rustle of the growing maize made soothing music for the ear of the toiler, and the garden-patch near the snug log house yielded welcome vegetables for the frugal board. So, you see, pioneer life had its sunny side as well.

A brief description of the log dwelling and furniture of an early settler may not be out of place just here. The body of the house was, of course, built of logs, hewn or unhewn according to the exigencies of the occasion or the taste of the owner. A great, wide fire-place, built of stone and surmounted by a rude chimney constructed of sticks and mud, occupied one end, and when a furious north-wester piled up the snow in drifts around the cabin, this ample receptacle could take in almost a quarter cord of wood at one time. The roof was made of clap-boards, split from the forest trees, and the floor of heavy hewn planks from the great pines. A ladder gave access to the loft, where the children usually slept, and on winter mornings they would not unfrequently find themselves dusted over with a considerable coat of snow. The furniture was generally such as could be made on the premises, and got together with the aid of a saw and auger. The cooking utensils commonly consisted of an iron pot for the meat, which with milk made a pioneer supper; a bake-oven for pone and johnny-cake, and a skillet, etc. In the absence of the bake-oven a piece of clap-board did very well for baking a corn-cake before the open fire. The rude table was generally "set" with pewter and wooden bowls, dishes and plates; but in case these were not to be had, gourds or hard-shell squashes scooped out had to supply their places.

These surroundings and utensils suited well the homely fare served up—"hog and hominy," johnny-cake and pone, mush and milk, which generally constituted the luxuries of the hardy pioneer. Yet their homely fare, unsightly cabins and rude furniture nurtured a sturdy, heroic race, who laid the seeds of religion, society and civilization in the almost illimitable regions of the great West.

Among the early settlers the use of tea and coffee was considered offensive to good manners, and in the estimation of the pioneer deft ware and such fine notions, were held in contempt.

Differing little from the savage in circumstances and surroundings, the pioneer was well fitted to cope successfully with the wild inhabitants of the wilderness.

The question may arise, What motive impelled men to leave friends and civilized society for the lone privations of frontier life? This, I apprehend, may be well answered in the happy language of Scotia's darling poet:

"It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae bein' sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
An' ken na how to wear't."

"But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread
As lang's we're hale and feer;
Mair spear na, nor fear na,
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the worst o't,
Is only for to beg."

To find a spot in the vast wilderness where they might obtain life untrammeled and unimpeded by the presence of more powerful but less principled neighbors—this was the vital motive which impelled men them as it does now to brave every hardship and danger. The bold pioneer who first endured a life of seclusion and privation for "the glorious privilege of being independent."

"How blest the solitary's lot,
Who all confusion shun;
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangled roots,
Sits o'er his newly gathered fruits,
Beside a clear, cold rill.
Or happy to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The way of men are distant brought
A faint collected dream;
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high,
As wand'ring, meaning eye,
He views the solemn sky."

Into these wild scenes, to live a life of privation and seclusion, came Capt. Michael McGuire, with his two sons, John and Edmond.

The town of Loretto—we had almost said the classic town of Loretto—now occupies the ground which the McGuires reclaimed from the primeval wilderness.

Away back about the year 1790, or only a few years after the close of the Revolutionary war, this territory was unconquered. Its only neighbor's habitation at the time being that of Thomas Blair, of Blair's Gap, Huntingdon county. Twelve miles of unbroken wilderness lay between the neighbors, with the exception of a bridle path, the only means of transportation. One can easily imagine the sort of winter life this family endured under the circumstances, especially as even in the days of convenience, comfort and superabundance the going and coming is sometimes considered had enough. The McGuires were not very long, however, without other neighbors, for persons of the civilization soon drew to it such adventurous spirits as Cornelius McGuire, Richard Nagle, William DeLeon, Richard Mountain, Michael Allen, John Aleorn and John Storm. The last named, who was of German descent, as may be readily inferred, built the first grist-mill for the settlement, and thereby conferred a great favor upon the young community. John Trax, John Douglass, John Byrne and William Meloy at a later date still further reinforced the settlement with their presence and labors.

These men endured incredible hardships, bearing up with heroic fortitude during the fierce storms of many an inclement Winter, in the rude cabins, the corner of their frail and scantily furnished cabins. At night the long howl of the gaunt wolf, or the frightful scream of the panther, were the only music to soothe one to sleep, and yet it was such sounds as these that broke many a time and oft on the ears of the first white settlers of the Alleghenies and their no less heroic and hardship-enduring wives and little ones.

In my next sketch I propose, with your permission, Mr. Editor, to continue the narrative of which this is the opening chapter, giving a number of heretofore unpublished anecdotes, incidents, etc., and commencing with the advent of Prince Gallitzin.

A. D. H.

WE copy the subjoined personal mention from a recent issue of the Council Bluffs, Iowa, *Daily Nonpareil*, of which our young friend and former townsman, Charles Sumner Clark, is the local editor. The Captain Jones referred to is a gentleman who was born and bred here, and who is familiarly and affectionately known amongst his hosts of friends as "Rollie" Jones. We are sorry to hear that his health is not what it ought to be, but are glad to know that he has it in contemplation to revisit the scenes of his childhood in the near future:

Captain R. M. Jones, an ex-Union soldier, and for many years a clerk in the United States Treasury department, arrived in the city yesterday on his way to Denver. For the past few years Mr. Jones has been engaged in the practice of the law at Papillion, Neb., but his health is such that he is compelled to take a season of rest and expects to visit friends and acquaintances in Washington and the east during the summer. He is one of the brave soldiers whose constitution was ruined while fighting the southern rebels.

Fifty brave, true men, with right arms raised,
Standing before five schooners of beer;
Unknown their names, their deeds unpraised,
No hand to help, no voice to cheer.
But bravely they stood, these men of town,
Like warriors grim in the days of yore;
And they bent their elbows and pointed it down,
Like heroes, breathing at every pour.

It is no doubt the opinion of the author of the foregoing stanza that it is very nice poetry, but we do not introduce it here for its poetic merit, relying specially to its merits. The object is rather to use it as an introductory to the fact that the immense stock of goods at Godfrey Wolf's clothing house, next door to the postoffice, Altoona, has been reduced in volume considerably within a week or two, thus making it necessary to lay in another supply. His prices are said to be 25 per cent. lower than any other business house of like character in that city, and though Mr. Wolf is himself in Europe, yet customers will be waited on and furnished with as great bargains as by Mr. Wolf in the gentlemanly manager, as they would be by the popular proprietor himself.

FAVORITE SUMMER RESORTS.—Under the head of "Watering-Place Notes" in the Philadelphia *Times* of Sunday we find the following:

Altoona and Cresson seem secure in the power of their charms to maintain their old time prestige in the public estimation. The Logan House, Altoona, under the management of W. D. Tyler, formerly of Minnequa Springs, offers inducements to the seeker after health and pleasure. The Mountain House, at Cresson, is a popular and elegant hotel, situated in a park of beautiful forest trees, on the summit of the Alleghenies, and has connected with it twenty-one cottage residences for the accommodation of families who prefer the quiet and seclusion of home. Among the most pleasant trips are those between the two places in the observation cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad. These cars are attached to all express trains, affording an opportunity for viewing under delightful conditions the matchless scenery of the Alleghenies.

Those of our readers who desire to get a business education we would advise to send to A. W. Smith, Business College, Meadville, Pa., and get a catalogue. You can secure an education there in every branch of business.

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SKETCHES
—OF—
PIONEER LIFE on the ALLEGHENIES.

FIRST PAPER.

Pioneer life on the Alleghenies! There is something free, noble and daring in the idea. The dangers and privations to be encountered and endured in such a life call forth the higher qualities of character so essential to the true man. Far removed from kindly neighbors, away amid the wilderness of the lone mountain, where primeval forests held possession, and grew, and fell, and decayed from the days of Noah—there, amid the nightly howlings of the wolf and the panther, and may hap startled not unfrequently by the still more savage yell of the prowling red man, existed the intrepid spirits who composed the advance guard of civilization on the Alleghenies. They had no roads save the narrow Indian trail through the "howling wilderness;" no passing neighbor; no mail coach with its burthen of news and its welcome letters from distant friends; no courts of justice, no churches, no schools;—all was inconvenience, privation and solitude.

As the months passed from blithe and merry Spring, on through the torrid Summer, to the calm and mild days of the fruitful Autumn, the solitude of their hermit lives was cheered by the morning and evening songs of the forest birds, by the merry chatter of the little squirrel from the tall chestnut, and by the beauty and freshness of primeval nature which lay around them. They enjoyed, no doubt, the health and vigor bestowed by daily toil—keen appetites, strong limbs and exuberant spirits—and the family intercourse, too, of the little pastoral band was the more closer and endearing, it is fair to presume, for the mutual perils, for one companneled a jury and viewed the remains. In the pocket of the deceased was found some writing, in German characters, which showed that the killing was no accident, but a deed which had evidently been premeditated. He was unable to obtain work, he wrote, and had no friends in this country, and the lonely sound as the king of the forest falls prostrate—after all this is over for the day the weary toiler once more seeks the shelter of his friendly cabin.

Then comes the wearisome toil of log-rolling and burning before the virgin ground, full of roots and stumps, is ready for the planting plow. O, thou happy plowman of whom the immortal Gray sang so sweetly, how light was thy task when compared with a task like this!

Nevertheless, all these toils went not unrewarded. Soon, in the long days of Summer, the gentle rustle of the growing maize made soothing music for the ear of the toiler, and the garden-patch near the snug log house yielded welcome vegetables for the frugal board. So, you see, pioneer life had its sunny side as well.

A brief description of the log dwelling and furniture of an early settler may not be out of place just here. The body of the house was, of course, built of logs, hewn or unhewn according to the exigencies of the occasion or the taste of the owner. A great, wide fire-place, built of stone and surmounted by a rude chimney constructed of sticks and mud, occupied one end, and when a furious north-wester piled up the snow in drifts around the cabin, this ample receptacle could take in almost a quarter cord of wood at one time. The roof was made of clap-boards, split from the forest trees, and the floor of heavy hewn planks from the great pines. A ladder gave access to the loft, where the children usually slept, and on winter mornings they would not unfrequently find themselves dusted over with a considerable coat of snow. The furniture was generally such as could be made on the premises, and got together with the aid of a saw and auger. The cooking utensils commonly consisted of an iron pot for the meat, which with milk made a pioneer supper; a bake-oven for pone and johnny-cake, and a skillet, etc. In the absence of the bake-oven a piece of clap-board did very well for baking a corn-cake before the open fire. The rude table was generally "set" with pewter and wooden bowls, dishes and plates; but in case these were not to be had, gourds or hard-shell squashes scooped out had to supply their places.

These surroundings and utensils suited well the homely fare served up—"hog and hominy," johnny-cake and pone, mush and milk, which generally constituted the luxuries of the hardy pioneer. Yet their homely fare, unsightly cabins and rude furniture nurtured a sturdy, heroic race, who laid the seeds of religion, society and civilization in the almost illimitable regions of the great West.

Among the early settlers the use of tea and coffee was considered offensive to good manners, and in the estimation of the pioneer deft ware and such fine notions, were held in contempt.

Differing little from the savage in circumstances and surroundings, the pioneer was well fitted to cope successfully with the wild inhabitants of the wilderness.

The question may arise, What motive impelled men to leave friends and civilized society for the lone privations of frontier life? This, I apprehend, may be well answered in the happy language of Scotia's darling poet:

"It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae bein' sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
An' ken na how to wear't."

"But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread
As lang's we're hale and feer;
Mair spear na, nor fear na,
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the worst o't,
Is only for to beg."

To find a spot in the vast wilderness where they might obtain life untrammeled and unimpeded by the presence of more powerful but less principled neighbors—this was the vital motive which impelled men them as it does now to brave every hardship and danger. The bold pioneer who first endured a life of seclusion and privation for "the glorious privilege of being independent."

"How blest the solitary's lot,
Who all confusion shun;
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangled roots,
Sits o'er his newly gathered fruits,
Beside a clear, cold rill.
Or happy to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The way of men are distant brought
A faint collected dream;
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high,
As wand'ring, meaning eye,
He views the solemn sky."

Into these wild scenes, to live a life of privation and seclusion, came Capt. Michael McGuire, with his two sons, John and Edmond.

The town of Loretto—we had almost said the classic town of Loretto—now occupies the ground which the McGuires reclaimed from the primeval wilderness.

Away back about the year 1790, or only a few years after the close of the Revolutionary war, this territory was unconquered. Its only neighbor's habitation at the time being that of Thomas Blair, of Blair's Gap, Huntingdon county. Twelve miles of unbroken wilderness lay between the neighbors, with the exception of a bridle path, the only means of transportation. One can easily imagine the sort of winter life this family endured under the circumstances, especially as even in the days of convenience, comfort and superabundance the going and coming is sometimes considered had enough. The McGuires were not very long, however, without other neighbors, for persons of the civilization soon drew to it such adventurous spirits as Cornelius McGuire, Richard Nagle, William DeLeon, Richard Mountain, Michael Allen, John Aleorn and John Storm. The last named, who was of German descent, as may be readily

HORSE MANAGEMENT IN SUMMER.

The requisites of a good stable are but few. It should be dry and well drained. The floor should slope a little to the rear, and it should be covered with narrow strips having half inch spaces between them, through which the liquids could escape. The ceiling should be of matched boards to exclude dust from above. The light should come from near the top, at least above the level of the horse's head, and should be abundant; if the window is on a sunny side, it should be shaded by a blind or shutter. There should be ample means of ventilation by openings at the bottom and the top, covered with wire gauze to exclude flies. The doors should be double, so that the upper half may be left open at night, or they may be made of strips with half-inch spaces between them, protected with gauze or netting The interior should be kept whitewashed and perfectly clean and free from vermin. All these requisites need only attention, and cost no more than the ordinary ill-adapted arangements. The bedding should be fine; but straw will be found economical, even counting the cost of the labor to prepare it. Saw-dust is the best of all bedding, and pine saw-dust is better than hard wood on account of its resinous odor and its repellant effect against vermin.

Physical cleanliness, however, is the great matter to be observed. There is no reason why a horse-stable should be so powerfully odoriferous. Nothing is easier than to keep it clean and sweet. A gutter should be provided to carry off the drainage, and a tank or pit filled with absorbants should be provided to carry it off. Once a day a few pailsful of water should be dashed on to the floor to wash it off. Then a shovelful of plaster should be scattered about before fresh litter is spread. This will add at least $100 to the value of the manure from a pair of horses in a year, for the urine is worth more than the solid excrement, and would thus all be saved, even that portion which escapes into the air or is carried into the house or elsewhere by those who attend the stables. The result of this care will be to keep the stables free from those odors which attract flies in vast numbers, and which have a very injuriously-irritative effect upon the eyes and lungs of the occupants. The flies which infest stables are not the common house fly, as is generally supposed, but a savage biting fly, called from its annoying attacks *Culcitrana* or the "causer of kicking." This is its specific name, its generic name being stomaxys, (in full Stomaxys calcitrans) while the housefly is Musca domestica. Those who have experienced the sharp bite of this savage fly can appreciate to a feeble extent the sufferings of a tired horse exposed the whole night to its incessant, blood thirsty attacks. It is this which causes the constant stamping which "murders sleep" in the homestead upon those nights when the air is close and heavy, and the farmer writhes upon his bed, ignorantly anathematizing the noise made by his suffering team. This may be prevented by a few minutes' work in the evening. The horses may be brought into the yard, a pailful of water, a sponge, and a piece of carbolic or whale-oil soap provided. First with a corn broom the legs of the horse should be washed down, and then the whole body rubbed off with a handful of straw dipped in water; the sponge is then well-soaped and passed over the whole body, leaving some soap-suds to dry upon the skin. This cools the horse, removes the filth from the hide, and drives off flies all of which are conducive to its comfort and rest. The change will be both conspicuous and agreeable, and the team refreshed with a good night's rest will do better work the next day with far less exhaustion.

Green Peas and Oats for Cows.

Fodder-corn is almost universally raised to feed cows while on short pasture in the fall, and is so valuable an addition to their food that every dairyman should raise about one-eighth of an acre of it to each cow kept; but it also should be remembered that cows require a variety of food. It is not good economy to depend upon one kind of green food, and especially one containing so little albuminoid matter as fodder corn. Clover and a mixture of meadow grasses may be relied upon alone, but corn should always be fed with some more nitrogenous food. It does very well with half pasture for the grasses will supply the albuminoid matter.

There are other green crops that should be raised to be fed with corn and we know of none better than peas and oats sown together—one-third oats and two-thirds peas—three bushel, of the seed per acre, with a drill. On land in good condition a large crop may be raised, having a value second to none other. Peas and oats are equal to clover and may be raised on a great variety of soils—a most important consideration. We have raised twelve tons of this green food to the acre, and this would feed twenty-four cows ten days without any other food. The pea is rich in casine—just what is required to make milk—and the oat is also rich in the elements of milk. They mature so near together that they are both ready to cut the same time. But the crop should always be cut when the pea pod is full and the grain is in the milk. It is then very succulent and palatable, and will produce as much milk as any food we know of, aside from a large variety of pasture grasses in their most succulent state. If the dairyman has green fodder corn also, let him feed the corn, peas and oats together. He need never fear giving too much variety at once. In an ol l pasture cows find from twenty to fifty varieties of grass, to be eaten at the same time. This is what gives such fine flavor to milkers on old pastures; it gathers and concentrates the aroma of all these plants, and it must have a more delicious flavor than that made from one kind of food, such as corn or rye, or even red clover, alone.

Our readers will pardon the frequent mention made of the importance of variety in the food of cows, for it is too generally neglected Study the tastes of your cows and they will richly reward you for the pains.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

To Destroy Lice on Fowls.—Grease the top of the head and under each wing with an ointment of mercurial ointment, two parts; lard three parts; crude petroleum, one part. Apply in half melted state.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

A. A. Hayes, M. D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the Best Preparation for its intended purposes."

Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicine.

VIGORENE
THE GREAT POSITIVE CURE
for all DISEASES arising from a deranged condition of the BLOOD, LIVER, NERVES, or DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

The Best Family Medicine on Earth.

$100 IN GOLD

is any person afflicted with a disease that VIGORENE will not cure, or any one who, after using VIGORENE according to directions, ever experiences any ill-effect whatever from its use.

VIGORENE

is scientifically and compounded from Roots, Herbs, Barks and Grass found in California and the West Indies, combining a Tonic, Cathartic, Alterative, Diuretic and Sudorific.

Its immediate effect is to purify the blood in all diseases, whether implanted by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase the powers of digestion, stimulate the torpid liver, create a healthy appetite, restore digestion, and gives firmness and tone to the nervous system. It will be found a perfect remedy for all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the blood, or from the effects of Mercury, Minerals, Poisons, Impure Blood, or Vitiated Humors. One bottle will better convince you of its merits than volumes expressed in printers' ink.

A trial of one bottle insures its adoption in every family, for no Man, Woman or Child can take VIGORENE and remain long sick. It first cleanses the blood, then purifies and builds up, thus curing disease and establishing health on a permanent, safe and reasonable basis.

Put up in large bottles, and is pleasant to take.

Sold by Druggists generally. $1.00 per Bottle.

Walker & Badger Mfg. Co., Prop'rs, 40 John Street, New York.

VIGORENE

☞For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, who are authorized to guarantee VIGORENE to prove as represented. [10-11,'78.-1y.]

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
Gray's Specific Medicine.
TRADE MARK. TRADE MARK.

Is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for SEMINAL WEAKNESS, SPERMATORRHŒA, IMPOTENCY, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self Abuse—as

Before Taking. After Taking.

LOSS OF MEMORY, UNIVERSAL LASSITUDE, PAIN IN BACK, DIMNESS OF VISION, PREMATURE OLD AGE, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity, Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases.

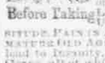
Full particulars in our pamphlets, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5; or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., No. 10 Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich.

☞Sold in Ebensburg by C. T. Roberts, and by Druggists everywhere.

Harris & Ewing, Wholesale Agents, Pittsburg, Pa. [8-16.-1y.]

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!



Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the Radical Cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.

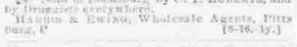
The world-renowned author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be effectually cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

☞This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent free, by mail, in a plain envelope, to any address.

Address the CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 4586. June 26, 1878.-1y.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER



DR. M. R. B. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, having located in the above-mentioned borough, respectfully announces to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he will attend to all professional business entrusted to his care. Artificial teeth inserted on the most approved principles. An assistant will be in attendance whenever necessary. ☞Chloroform administered carefully and safely when required or desired. The patronage of all in need of dental services is respectfully solicited. [8-39,'78.-1y.]

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN,
Surgeon Dentist,

WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the SECOND MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one day. All work warranted.

Feb. 28, 1879.-tf.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10 A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 8 to 9 P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-39.-1y.]

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Julian street, and nearly opposite Mansion House. Consultation in both German and English. Night calls should be made at the office. [4-9,'77.-tf.]

TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT
—ON THE—
PEOPLE'S CHEAP STORE!
Loretto, Pa.
M. J. TEITELBAUM
STILL HOLDING THE FORT!
BETTER BARGAINS! BIGGER BUSINESS!
THAN EVER BEFORE!
New Goods! New Goods! New Goods!
GOOD GOODS, GOOD GOODS, GOOD GOODS.
Cheap Goods! Cheap Goods! Cheap Goods!
Goods Unsurpassed and Prices Unexcelled!
THOUGH NOT UNDERSOLD!
COME AND SEE!
COME AND HEAR!
COME AND BUY!
Pause! Ponder! Purchase!

Here is a partial list of the kind of goods we keep and the wonderful bargains we offer:

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Men's Suits as low as	$3 50
Men's Fine Suits for	5 00
Men's All-Wool Cassimere Suits for	8 00
Men's Fine Doeskin Dress Suits for	12 00
Men's All-Wool Pants and Vest	2 00
Men's All-Wool Pants and Vest (heavy)	3 00
Youths' Clothing, full suits, from $5.00 to	6 00
Boys' Clothing as low as	2 50
Boys' Clothing, all-wool, for	5 00

And all other wearing apparel at prices proportionately cheap.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

25 yards Calico for	$1 00
14 yards Heavy Gingham for	1 00
14 yards Appleton A Muslin for	1 00
20 yards Unbleached Muslin for	1 00
14 yards good Bleached Muslin for	1 00
11 yards very best Bleached Muslin for	1 00
10 yards Drilling for	1 00

All kinds of Jeans and other goods which will positively be sold cheaper than the cheapest.

NOTION DEPARTMENT.

2 spools Cotton Thread, warranted 200 yards, for	5c.
2 sheets Pins for	5c.
3 pockets Hair Pins for	5c.
1 pair Men's Half Hose for	5c.
1 pair Ladies' Hose for	5c.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

8 lbs. good Brown Coffee for	$1 00
6 lbs. Brightest Rio Coffee for	1 00
10 lbs. Green Coffee for	1 00
6 lbs. Green Coffee (best in market) for	1 00
15 lbs. Brown Sugar for	1 00
12 lbs. Coffee Sugar for	1 00
11 lbs. White Sugar for	1 00
4 gals. good Syrup for	1 00
3 gals. best Syrup in market, for	1 00
1 Scrub Brush for	10
1 Broom for	10
4 boxes Blacking for	10
10 boxes Coffee Essence for	25
3 boxes Lye or 3 balls Potash for	25
10 cans Tomatoes for	1 00
7 gals. Carbon Oil for	1 00
25 lbs. cakes Soap for	1 00

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.

1 pair Men's good Plow Shoes for	75c.
1 pair Men's good Buckled Shoes for	$1 15
1 pair Men's Fine Boots for	2 00
1 pair Men's best Calfskin Boots for	2 50
1 pair Women's good Shoes for	90
1 pair Women's best Shoes for	1 50
1 pair Ladies' Gaiters for	75
1 pair Ladies' best Gaiters for	1 50

Misses' Shoes, of all styles and sizes, from 90 to 1 20
A large stock of Children's Shoes at lowest prices.
A very large stock of Baby Shoes at 25c. per pair.

HAT DEPARTMENT.

Men's Hats as low as	40c.
Men's Fine Dress Hats for	$1 00
Best Hats in the market for	$1 60 up to 2 00
Boys' Hats as low as	25 cents.

LADIES' HATS.—We have the largest stock of Ladies' Hats to be found in Northern Cambria, and will sell them cheaper than any milliner can buy them in the city. Also a large lot of Misses' and Children's Hats at wonderful low prices.

Read and Judge for Yourselves!

☞Please give the above list a careful examination and you will see that I have reduced everything to the utmost limit, which it was only possible to do by buying for CASH and doing away with bad debts, and attending to the entire business myself. Hence it is that I am able to undersell other merchants who employ a host of clerks and book-keepers and require their customers to pay for the luxury; and hence it is also that I defy any one to compete with the above prices. So come and see me, everybody, and you will soon find that I do by any one to compete with the above prices. So come and see me, everybody, and you will soon find that I do sell you more and better bargains no man in the county is able to do it. At least those are the sentiments of all who have purchased goods at the "People's Cheap Variety Store," kept by

M. J. TEITELBAUM,
LORETTO, PA.

ATTENTION
EVERYBODY!

We desire to inform the public in general that we have

Established a Big Store
—AT—
TUNNEL HILL,

And respectfully invite attention to the fact that it embraces

Much More in Quantity and Variety

than is usually kept in stores of the kind.

It is everywhere conceded by those who have given us a call that

Our Stock
IS NOT EQUALLED FOR
QUALITY, VARIETY and EXTENT

by any other stock in the neighborhood, and as we are from time to time adding new features and new lines of goods—shall always buy in large quantities and adduction in stock—we hope by strict adherence to GOOD GOODS, CLOSE PRICES AND SQUARE DEALING TO MAKE OUR STORE THE GREAT POPULAR

HEADQUARTERS FOR
ALL KIND OF GOODS!

More than that, we shall endeavor to make it the interest of all classes to

DEAL WITH US PERMANENTLY

by carefully catering to their wants and wishes and treating them as we ourselves would wish to be treated in all matters pertaining to business.

TO FARMERS

We would say we have an unlimited demand for all kinds of grain and produce, and can offer them prices in advance of others in the business.

CASH PAID FOR GRAIN WHEN SO BARGAINED FOR

☞We earnestly solicit the patronage of the public and pledge our best efforts in all transactions.

B. M. JOHNSTON & CO.
STORES { Hollidaysburg, McKee's, Williamsburg, Tunnel Hill.
FLOURING MILL—Williamsburg, Pa.
January 24, 1878.-6m.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $120,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
GOOD FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879.-1y.

MISS M. E. DAVIS has just returned from the city with a large and elegant stock of **Spring and Summer Hats**, as well as a full line of **Notions** and other goods in her line, which will be sold very cheap for cash. Ladies are cordially invited to give her a call. Store in E. J. Humphreys' building, corner of Julian and Crawford streets, Ebensburg. [4-26-3m.*]

Perhaps He is not Drowned Dead.

A writer in the New York *Evening Post* has the following thoughts which are worthy of a careful consideration. Their application may save one of your friends. The writer of the article does not pretend to bring back to life again a person who is once dead. There is nothing short of the Almighty that that can do that. But what he does claim is that there are many persons given up for dead, and in whom, to all outward appearances, life is in reality extinct, that may be restored if the proper method is adopted in regard to treating them. Animation, sleep, hibernation and drowning are only different states of positive life. The last named of these conditions is, in his view, world wide form real death, and that in fact his is the most wise and potential mode of preserving life until favorable conditions again permit the manifestations of activity.—In drowning animation is merely suspended; the spark of life is not yet extinguished. The writer says:

"The closed wind pipe protects the lungs, respiration ceases, the blood everywhere stops in its course, as a soldier on the march halts at the word of command, but is ready to move; while in ordinary death, all the arteries, acting after the heart stops, nearly empty themselves. Thus quiet reigns throughout the body, which though mistaken for the calm of death, is only the suspense of active life, tending—most essentially of all things—to retard the loss of heat, especially from the internal organs of the head and trunk.

The directions for the restoration of the drowned and otherwise suffocated, are given by the writer, and have been successfully followed by him in many cases, successfully reviving several who had been pronounced dead by physicians and abandoned as past hope. As these directions may be of great value to some of our readers, we give them in substance as follows:

1. Know that a person recently drowned is not dead, and will not be for a long time. If not lively, he is yet lifeful.

2. When he is taken out of the water turn his face down for a moment only, to allow any water in his nose or throat to run out; then place him out of currents of air upon his back, with his head very slightly raised. Do not roll him upon a barrel, or do anything else to get the water out of his lungs, since there is none in them; nor out of his stomach, since what he has swallowed will do him no harm.

3. Quickly determine if he must be carried to where heat is, or if it can be brought or produced near him. If the former, tak him gently, quickly, and as nearly as possible in the above described posture.

4. If there must be delay in the application of heat, and dry protectives can be had take off his wet clothes, and then wrap the dry articles about him to prevent the loss of heat, covering the head particularly. The warm underclothing of bystanders can be contributed. Several thicknesses of almost anything attainable is better than one.

5. As soon as heat is at hand apply it as ingenuity and circumstances suggest to be the best to quickly and thoroughly warm the body. When the above-named theory and fact agree in informing us that if life yet exists the heart would begin to beat, happily soon followed by breathing, both feebly and unfrequently at first, but gradually stronger and faster until they become natural, when consciousness will return. If the heart gives one beat or the lungs one gasp, no more need be done; keep the person warm, and he will soon be all right.

6. Suffocation in any other manner should be treated in the same way, except that in cases of choking or of strangling, the substances that have caused these conditions should be removed first; and where the person has been suffocated by poisonous gas or smoke, artificial respiration ought to be tried at first until the gas or the smoke has been replaced by good air in the lungs.

This article is entitled "The Method of Restoring by Heat." The attention of the writer was directed to it when young, by observing that animals, hens, cats, and dogs, which had been accidentally or purposely drowned, came to life again on their bodies being exposed to a high sun heat when out of the water. He afterwards made experiments with various animals, waiting after drowning until every symptom of life had disappeared, even the beating of the heart, and in every case he restored life by the application of dry or mist heat, sometimes putting the body into hot, not scalding water, and keeping them there until the signs of returning consciousness were unmistakable. In every case he was successful. He has since tried this method in the case of human beings who were taken from the water insensible, and to all appearances dead, the surface of the body being cold and all symptoms of vitality wanting. In every instance but one, the treatment was successful, although much patience and many hours of careful nursing were required before the more desperate cases of drowning showed signs of returning animation. "While there is life there is hope," says the proverb. This writer contends that in cases of this kind there is life and reason to hope for its return much longer than is commonly supposed.

The Cabbage Worm.—Repeated inquiries come to us for the best remedy for this formidably destroyer of the cabbage. From the many experiments made, we are induced to discard the various applications which soil or contaminate the leaves. When the plants are young, and when the worms first make their appearance in comparatively few numbers, they are to be removed by hand. The plants may be cleared as rapidly as by the various applications used, counting in the time in preparation or procuring these applications. As soon as the heads form use hot water. If any injury results from the heat, it will be only to the edges of the outer leaves. The body of the head cannot become heated. If the insects have become numerous, this will be found a rapid mode for their extermination. We are often asked for the degree in temperature to which the water should be heated. We cannot give the precise degree. The watering-pot in which it is carried will not retain a high heat long, and the fine streams of water from the rose are partly cooled in their passage through the air. It is supposed that a temperature of 120° will kill the worms, but a greater heat is better, provided the cabbage leaves are not scorched. Some practice is required to do the work right, and the operator may experiment on a few small heads, or else begin with warm water and gradually increase the temperature. In a little time he will learn to apply the water as it should be. Immediately after filling the watering pot when the water is hot he will give a quick or instantaneous dash, and this will be sufficient to destroy all the worms; after the water has partly cooled, the washing will be continued longer. The great advantage of this treatment is that the cabbages are left perfectly clean.—*Country Gentleman.*

Celery.—Peter Henderson says in "Gardening for Profit":

"I know of no vegetable on the cultivation of which there is so much useless labor expended with such unsatisfactory result as celery." But Mr. Henderson gives a method which is at once so simple and practical that no one need fail. I had never seen celery growing when I read 'Gardening for Profit,' but carefully observing Mr. Henderson's rules I succeeded in obtaining celery that took the premium at our late State fair. I planted the seed in the open ground as soon as the soil was dry enough to work well, and began to cultivate as soon as the plants could be seen, keeping the ground loose and free from weeds. Twice, before transplanting, I sheared the tops of the plants off to induce a stalky growth, and about the twentieth of June they were ready for transplanting, which was done, not in trenches, as most writers direct, but on the level surface, in rows about three and a half feet apart. Cultivate often and keep the ground loose and free from weeds, and about the middle of August the process of "earthing up" should begin; the soil should be drawn up to the plants with enough to keep the leaves upright and when cool weather comes the blanching may be finished by digging the soil from between the rows and banking up to the tops of plants on each side of the row. The soil should be moist and well manured.

What Size were Mankind Once?

The Bible says "there were giants in those days," and it mentions several cases of giants, as the Rephaims, the Anakims, the Emims, the Zonzonims, and others. The San Francisco *Chronicle* says:

Profane historians also mention giants; they gave seven feet of height to Hercules, their first hero; and in our day we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen, in 1836, measured eight feet some inches. The Emperor Maximin was of that size; Skenkins and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature, and Gorophons saw a girl who was ten feet high.

The body of Orostes, according to the Greeks, was 11½ feet (which is doubtless a lie). The giant Galabro, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet; and the bones of Secondilla and Pullo, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter.

Farnum, a Scotchman, who lived at the time of Eugene the Second, King of Scotland, measured 11½ feet; and Jacobie Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th day of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove the stones, they found human skeletons ten and some eleven feet long.

[These seem to be well authenticated cases, and there are others, some of which are incredible.]

The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, says they found in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain the head of a Gauneche which had eighty teeth, and that the body was not less than 15 feet long.

The giant Ferragus, who was slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was 18 feet high.

Bioland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says that some years before there was to be seen in the suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was 20 feet high.

January 11, 1613, masons, digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field which by tradition had long been called the Giants' field, at the depth of eighteen feet, discovered a brick tomb thirty feet long, twelve feet wide and eight feet high, on which was a gray stone, with the words, "Theutobochus Rex," engraved thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire. 26¼ feet high, 18 feet wide across the shoulders, and 5 feet deep from the breast-bone to the back. His feet were about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin-bone measured four feet.

Near Mezarina, in Sicily, 1515, was found a giant thirty feet high. His head was the size of a hogshead, (?) and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

Near Palermo, in the valley of Mazara, in Sicily, a skeleton of a giant 30 feet long was found in the year 1548, and another 35 feet long in 1550; and many curious persons have preserved several of these gigantic bones.

The Athenians found near their city two famous skeletons, one of 34 and the other of 36 feet high.

At Totu, in Bohemia, in 758, was found a skeleton, the head of which could scarce be encompassed by arms of two men together, and whose legs which they still keep in the castle of that city, were 26 feet long.

The skull of the giant found in Macedonia, September, 1691, held 210 pounds of corn. The celebrated Sir Hans Sloane, who treated this matter very learnedly, does not doubt these facts, but thinks the bones were those of elephants, whales or other enormous animals. Elephants' bones may be shown for those of giants, it is true, but they can never impose on connoisseurs. Whales, which by their immense bulk are more proper to be substituted for the largest giants, have neither arms nor legs; and the head of that animal has not the least resemblance to that of a man. If it be true, therefore, that a great number of the gigantic bones which we have mentioned have been seen by anatomists, and have by them been reputed real human bones the existence of giants is proved.

A Few Hints.—An exchange promulgates the following hints for hot weather:

Water can be kept cool for drinking in warm weather by the following method: Get fresh water, let it be kept in an unglazed earthenware pitcher wrapt around with two or three folds of coarse cotton cloth kept constantly wet. The theory of cooling water in this manner is the absorption of heat from it by the evaporation of the moisture in the cotton cloth. Expansion produces cold, compression heat.

A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is poured upon it it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilerating qualities. Another writer says, if you put a piece of lump sugar into a teapot, you will make the tea infuse in half the time.

Wire clothes lines are getting to be used by all persons who have found out how much superior they are to the common rope. We have had one in use more than a year. It is never removed, and if the supporting posts are firm there is no sagging. Of course it must be galvanized wire about the thickness of that used for telegraphs.

To color a floor, to a strong lye of wood ashes add enough copperas for the required oak shade. Put this on with a mop, and varnish afterwards.

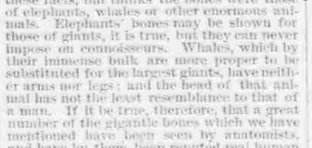
The French have discovered that the white of an egg given in sweetened water is a sure cure for croup. The remedy is to be repeated till a cure is effected.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Penn'a.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
MONEY LOANED. COLLECTIONS MADE,
AND A GENERAL
BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

☞Special attention paid to business of corporations. A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Nov. 19, 1875.-tf.

Removed to Bank Building
—Next Door to Freidhoff's New Store.



CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
EBENSBURG, PA.,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1878.-1y.*

J. C. McGINLEY'S
DINING ROOMS!
For Ladies and Gentlemen,
161 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.
FINEST DINING ROOMS IN THE CITY.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS. OYSTERS and SUPPERS served at short notice.
Nov. 22, 1878.-tf.

PATENTS!
LEVIS & BICKEL, Solicitors.
PATENTS procured on New Inventions in from 15 to 30 days. Send for circular containing useful information. Office, 131 Fifth Avenue, above Smithfield street, opposite M. E. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. [3-14.-11m.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27,'72.]

YOU WANT TO MAKE IT PAY!
CERTAINLY YOU DO!
Then act the wise part when for bargains you go forth, and ere buying elsewhere your Dry Goods, your Dress Goods, and so forth, be sure to
VISIT THE MAMMOTH "BOSS" STORE OF ALTOONA,
—WHERE THEY DO—
FAIR DEALING AND NO SQUEALING,
And Never Back Down on the Prices They Quote.

With us will be found a full line of goods, too many to enumerate, such as

PRINTS AND MUSLINS!

At astonishingly low prices. Figured Alpacas from 10c. a yard up. White Dress Goods from 6c. a yard up to 35 cents. A big reduction in

WHITE QUILTS!

Worth $2, now offered for $1.25. Cretonnes from 6c. up; White Shirting from 5c. up; Pinafore Aprons, never sold for less than 65c., now down to 25c.; Toweling from 5c. to 12½c. per yard; Towels from 4c. each to 25c.; Ticking from 8c. up to the best quality; Striped Skirting from 8c. to 15c.; Table Damask from 12½c. to the finest; Cottonades and Jeans from 8c. up to the best; Youths' Cassimeres from 25c. up to 90c.; Dress Linens from 15c. up to 25c.; Ginghams from 6c. up to the finest Scotch and French. Also, a large and full assortment of NOTIONS and TRIMMINGS, such as Buttons, Fringes, &c. Speed Cotton from 5c. per dozen up. Ladies' and Children's Hose from 5c. a pair up to the finest French. 39 different qualities of Sun Umbrellas and 28 styles of Corsets.

GREAT BARGAINS in Sheland and other SHAWLS.

Kid Gloves from 25c. a pair up to the best quality; Black Silks from 65c. to $2; Summer and Colored Silks from 65c. to 90c.; Colored Dress Silks, striped, barred and plain, from 60c. to $1.25; Cashmeres, all shades, from 35c. to $1; French Satins, for wedding suits, very cheap. No, never such a bargain in All-Wool Delaine for 25c. An endless variety of Dress Goods, figured and plain, from 8c. up to 50c. Great bargains in Lawns—6½c., 8c. and 10c., up to the best French.

Carpets! Carpets! Oil Cloths! Oil Cloths!

No, never were such prices heard of before—from 15c. a yard to the very best. Brussels Carpet, 35c., 75c. and 85c. Stair Carpet from 20c. a yard up. 4-4 Oil Cloth from 25c. up. Window Blinds and Fixtures at greatly reduced prices. Straw Mattings, Stair and Table Oil Cloths wonderfully cheap. Curtain Lace from 12½c. up to the finest. Irish Linen Lawns as low as 10c.

Bowman & Morrow's "BOSS" STORE,
[5-39.] CORNER ELEVENTH AVENUE AND TWELFTH STREET, ALTOONA, PA. [ens.]

THE SPRING TRADE
AT THE POPULAR PIONEER
CLOTHING HOUSE
OF GODFREY WOLF,
12th St., Next Door to P. O., Altoona, Pa.

Has simply been immense, the large establishment being for the most part crowded from morning until night, so that in not a few instances it became necessary to employ extra salesmen in order to accommodate the public; yet, notwithstanding this unprecedented rush of customers, the mammoth stock at this great Clothing Emporium has been found equal to all demands made upon it for new and desirable

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS!

and is to-day the best stocked and really the cheapest house in that city. Nothing but the lowest prices, strictly adhered to year in and year out, has created and maintained such a business as has been done at this favorite Clothing Store, where

PRICES are DOWN!

and will be kept down to the very lowest figures. No one, therefore, should buy a Summer Suit, Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat, Cap, or anything in the way of Furnishing Goods, until he has seen the stock and learned the prices at

GODFREY WOLF'S
ONE-PRICE AND LOWEST PRICED CLOTHING HOUSE,
[6-6.] Next Door to the Post-Office, Altoona, Pa. [Jan.]

HERE I AM AGAIN!
—NOT AS AN ASPIRANT FOR—
PUBLIC OFFICE
—BUT AS A CANDIDATE FOR—
PUBLIC PATRONAGE!

Having pulled down his political vest and embarked in the mercantile business on an extensive scale at his

LARGE STORE ROOM ON HIGH STREET,
Recently occupied by McLaughlin Brothers,

Where he has just opened and is now offering for sale an immense, varied and elegant STOCK OF GOODS of every description,

N. J. FREIDHOFF

Is fully prepared to pull down—in fact has pulled down—the prices of all kind of merchandise, and is giving bargains in

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,

QUEENSWARE, &c., &c., which cannot fail to attract the attention and secure the patronage of cash buyers who want to get the most goods and the best goods for their money. So don't forget to call, and this fact before you keep: A broom that's new is best of all, because it makes the cleanest sweep.

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

Ebensburg, March 21, 1879.-tf.

PLAIN FACTS!
PLAIN TO THE PEOPLE OF FACTS
PLAIN CAMBRIA AND ADJOINING COUNTIES! FACTS
PLAIN We hereby respectfully inform you all that we have just opened an immense and elegant stock of FACTS
PLAIN Gents' and Youths' Hats and Caps, FACTS
PLAIN Shirts, Overalls, Underwear, FACTS
PLAIN *NECKWEAR, and a full line of Gents' FURNISHING GOODS, to the sale of which we guarantee to purchasers a saving of fully twenty-five per cent. on the dollar, which will surely compensate any one for fare and other needful expenses in visiting Altoona. Besides the above, we have other lines of goods which we will make it worth while for any person to buy. Remember the place, as this is SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.* FACTS
PLAIN S. B. CORN & CO., { Opposite New B'dg's Going Up. } (1307 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa. FACTS
PLAIN INFORM YOUR NEIGHBORS OF THE GOOD NEWS AND FACTS
PLAIN FACTS!

SIX CORD
ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,
Paris, 1878
AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
PHILADELPHIA, 1876,
As being "Very STRONG, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD."
TRY IT
S.F.T.
ESTABLISHED 1826.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING
MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J.
STUART & BRUFF (LIMITED) AGENTS, N.Y. & PHILA.
MEDALS AWARDED
PARIS. PHILADELPHIA. NEW YORK & BOSTON.
TRY IT
SEMPLE'S SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON
SO